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THE FUNERAL OF CARUSO AT NAPLES: AN IMPRESSIVE PAGEANT ATTENDED BY FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE—
(1) THE ORNATE HEARSE; (2) PLACING THE COFFIN IN THE HEARSE.

Caruso's funeral at Naples on August 5 was a magnificent tribute to the greatest singer of his day. The innumerable wreaths included one from Queen Mary, and another from the city of New York. Queen Alexandra had sent a message of condolence to the widow. The King of Italy had given permission for the service to take place in the Royal cathedral of San Francesco di Paola, where Paisiello's Funeral March was rendered by a choir of 200 voices. The coffin, which was

of crystal enclosed in wood, was placed in an elaborate hearse bearing all Caruso's medals and decorations. The cortège then proceeded to the Pieta Cemetery, where the coffin was laid temporarily in the vault of the Canessa family, until the completion of Caruso's own monument. The streets were thronged by a crowd of some 50,000 people, and lined with troops. A funeral oration was delivered outside the church by the Prefect of Naples.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORANO-PISCULLI



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A SHORT time ago a suggestion was made by Mr. Horatio Bottomley which aroused a disdainful reply from Miss Nina Boyle. The names may sound incongruous, yet there are two good things common to both, whatever we might find to criticise in either. One is a really sympathetic sympathy with the under-dog, extending to the dog who anticipates the legal consequence of a bad name. And the other is that rare and refreshing thing—a bias on the side of liberty. They do both express the extraordinary idea that the defeat of Prussia might well be followed by the decrease of Prussianism. But it is their point of difference and not of agreement that interests me here. Mr. Bottomley had hinted at the wisdom of calling a halt in the feminine rush for all the masculine professions. He suggested that some of the work of a criminal lawyer, for instance, was repugnant in relation to a woman, being at least questionable in relation to a man. Miss Boyle replied scornfully that women were going to go everywhere and do everything; but I do not think that the doubt can be met in this way. Advocacy can be defended; but the very fact that it is defended shows that it can be doubted. And the fact that such things are questionable is at least a case against their being merely copied without question.

For this particular complaint against Feminism is not that it is too revolutionary, but rather that it is too conservative. When the women of the French Revolution stormed the palace crying out for bread, it would not have been more but less revolutionary if they had been crying out for coronets. For bread, or the need of bread, is a permanent thing; while the other is not only a perishable thing, but a thing which the same revolution had doomed to perish. If the negroes in the time of Washington had asked to be emancipated and turned into citizens, they might or might not have taken their part in the new America that was being born. But if they had asked to be knighted or turned into British baronets, they would obviously have tied themselves to the old America that was dying. It would be unwise for a man to pin all his hopes of emancipation or ambition on becoming Gold-Stick-in-Waiting to a King who was to have his head cut off on the following day, as in those circumstances the stick-in-waiting would probably be told that he need not wait. Where this mistake is made, one of two bad results will probably follow. Either the class claiming this false emancipation will fall with the abuses to which it has bound itself, or else the class will actually bring a new lease of life to the abuses which might otherwise have been remedied; and in that case it is the society itself that will probably fall. Either the gold-stick will be broken like a stick or it will become once more a rod for the oppression of a people. In either case the ambitious individual has become a reactionary through his unbridled desire to be a rebel.

Now this point is not met at all by wild assertions of the right of anybody to be anything, of the freedom of a peasant woman to wear her coronet, of the right of a negro to win his spurs. We are not talking about the humanity of negroes, but the humanity of spurs. And so, in the Feminist case, we are not disputing the humanity of women, but the humanity of factories, the humanity of

prisons, the humanity of lunatic asylums and law courts. It is no answer to say that the woman can satisfy all requirements in these things if she cannot see that the things themselves are not satisfactory. It is no answer even to say that she will take all the prizes, if she has not even considered the respectability of the prize-fight. Now in a great number of these cases I think it fair to say that she does not consider it; not that she does not come to this or that conclusion after consideration, but that she does not consider it at

exists, that is no reason for building beside it a new imitation ruin, with new imitation ivy, to symbolise the equality of the sexes.

In the case of the distinguished lady whom I have already quoted, we have the curious result of a very generous rebel producing all the effects that could be aimed at by the most contented snob. Women are to be any sort of lawyers, any sort of doctors, presumably any sort of capitalists or money-lenders, without a moment's consideration of whether this means anything more than their claiming the honour of being burglars or pick-pockets or murderers. And there are some of us who would almost as soon see a woman as the murderer as see her as the executioner.

And there is another reality to be remembered. When Miss Nina Boyle talks of women as "we," she contrives at once to exceed her own authority and disparage her own distinction. She claims too much for herself, and yet accords too much to others. Very few women in this world would support her in her fanatical Feminism. But very few, unfortunately, would imitate her in her courage and contempt for worldly considerations.

Even in this one case of the modern woman there are concrete examples of both calamities—the suicidal support of what is dying, and the successful support of what ought to die. For the first, the most alert of the Suffragettes have already discovered the folly of their own idolatry of the Suffrage. They are complaining bitterly of industrial disputes, not primarily because they distress the public, but because they discredit the Parliament, and therefore the Parliamentary vote. But there must long ago have been many moderately sane people to tell them (I for one certainly attempted to tell them) that the Parliamentary vote is not in these days the power which they supposed it to be. It was they who insisted on turning the thing into a talisman and a fetish,

merely because they had not got it. The tyranny and anarchy of our time are economic and not political. When we were told of the injustice of a lady's gardener having a vote when she was voteless, we pointed out that the very example proved the impotence of the vote. In political theory her gardener was ruling her. But in economic practice he went on serving her. These economic quarrels were settled outside Parliament then, and they are settled outside Parliament now. And for the other case, that of the bolstering up of bad or doubtful things, it is admitted that female labour has often been a weapon of the worst sort of capitalism even against the best. But it is not merely a case of sincere idealists discovering that they are only blacklegs; it is a question of the moral as well as the material effect on the most dubious parts of the modern system. Machinery itself is regarded with a more and more doubtful eye, by those considering our historical destiny. But precisely because machinery is a new toy to the new woman, it may be renewed like an old torture-engine for the old man. These seem to me serious and rational doubts, and I do not think they can be disposed of by telling men to mind their own business, especially when they can answer that they were minding their own business, and had come to the conclusion that in many respects it was a pretty bad business at that.



A TRIBUTE TO "THE GREATEST HISTORIC FIGURE OF OUR TIME": THE STATUE OF MR. LLOYD GEORGE UNVEILED AT CARNARVON BY THE PREMIER OF AUSTRALIA.

Unveiling a bronze statue of Mr. Lloyd George at Carnarvon on August 6, Mr. W. M. Hughes, the Australian Premier, spoke of him as "the greatest historic figure of our time." The statue was presented to Carnarvon by the Mayor, Mr. Owen Jones, "in admiration [to quote the inscription] of the valuable services rendered to the nation by Mr. Lloyd George during the Great War." We cannot congratulate Sir W. Goscombe John, the sculptor, on his artistic treatment of a subject that in itself is of so much interest.—[Photograph by Central Press.]

all. She is honestly convinced, often after quite conscientious consideration in her own case, that she ought to be Provost-Marshall of the Polwoodle Hundreds. But nine times out of ten, I will venture to say, it has never so much as crossed her mind to ask whether anybody ought to be Provost-Marshall of the Polwoodle Hundreds. Still less has it occurred to her that, while our local affections and long national memories may be allowed to entwine themselves like ivy round that venerable and stately office, where it actually

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, AND LAFAYETTE.



A NEW KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE:
THE EARL OF CRAWFORD.



IRELAND'S VICEROY ATTENDS THE RACES: LORD AND LADY
FITZALAN AT THE LEOPARDSTOWN MEETING.



A POSSIBLE NEW MINISTER OF TRANS-
PORT: MR. ARTHUR NEAL, M.P.



LEADER OF THE RUNNYMEDE SALE
PROTEST: LORD LINCOLNSHIRE.



CREATED A K.B.E.: THE REV. JAMES
MARCHANT.



A HEROINE OF THE WAR TO MARRY:
DR. ISABEL EMSLIE.



THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND, WHO HAS BEEN CREATED
A PEER: SIR ALFRED TRISTRAM LAWRENCE.



LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF NORTHERN
IRELAND: MR. DENIS HENRY, K.C., M.P.



A WELL-KNOWN M.P. DEAD:
SIR DAVID BRYNMOR-JONES.



TO COMMAND RESERVE FLEET, PORTS-
MOUTH: REAR-ADMIRAL HYDE-PARKER.

The Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, who has been appointed a Knight of the Thistle, has been in turn President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and succeeded Sir Alfred Mond as First Commissioner of Works when the latter recently became Minister of Health. The Order of the Thistle consists of sixteen Knights in addition to the King, Duke of Connaught, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Two vacancies have recently been caused by the deaths of Lord Balfour of Burleigh and Lord Reay.—The Marquess of Lincolnshire (as mentioned under our double-page drawing of the sealing of Magna Charta) raised the protest (in the House of Lords) against the proposed sale of Runnymede and other Crown lands.—The Rev. James Marchant, who has

been appointed a Knight Commander of the Order of the British Empire, has been secretary of the National Birth-Rate Commission since 1913, and is director of the National Council for the Promotion of Race Regeneration. He was at one time secretary of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.—Dr. Isabel Emslie, of Edinburgh, is to marry Major T. J. Hutton, M.C. Miss Emslie served in the war in France, Serbia, Macedonia, and Constantinople.—Mr. Arthur Neal, M.P., has been mentioned as a probable successor to Sir Eric Geddes as Minister of Transport. It is expected that the Ministry will be cut down and converted into a branch of the Board of Trade.—Rear-Admiral Edmund Hyde-Parker, C.B., was Captain of the battle-ship "Superb" at Jutland, and Flag-Captain to Rear-Admiral Alexander Duff.

AS SEEN BY THE PHOTOGRAPHERS: BOMBING GERMAN WAR-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO.; CENTRAL NEWS; OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS U.S. ARMY



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND'S FAMOUS MANSION, WHICH MAY BE SOLD UNLESS TAXATION IS REDUCED: WELBECK ABBEY, FROM THE AIR.



AERIAL BOMBING TESTS AGAINST THE "FRANKFURT": THE FIRST BOMB DROPPED BY AMERICAN ARMY AIRMEN STRIKING THE WATER.



A MYSTERIOUS FIRE IN A LONDON TIMBER-YARD, FOLLOWING A RIOT BY UNEMPLOYED: THE BLAZING AREA, WHICH COVERS 21 ACRES



PAYING THEIR TRIBUTE TO A GREAT AND POPULAR SINGER: A SECTION OF THE CROWD OF 50,000 AT THE FUNERAL OF CARUSO.

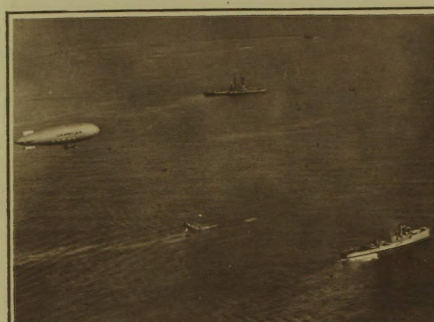
The Duke of Portland, addressing his tenants at Welbeck, warned them that it may no longer be possible for him to reside there if the present high rate of taxation continues. Welbeck Abbey is famous for its subterranean passages and apartments, built by the fifth Duke at a cost of something like £3,000,000. The great subterranean ball-room is 158 feet long, 63 feet wide, and 21 feet high. In addition there are a huge underground riding-school, which will hold 10,000 people; a tan gallop a quarter of a mile long entirely covered in with 64,000 square feet of glass; and, altogether, about fifteen miles of tunnelling.—A mysterious fire broke out at one of the largest timber-yards in the United Kingdom following a riot by unemployed, but the two events are not believed to be connected with one another. The premises were those of Messrs. Gilkinton and Son at Stratford, in the East End of London. Over 500 policemen, mounted and on foot, were required to quell the riot, and a very large number of policemen and over



TO SUPPLY PETROL TO MOTOR VEHICLES OF ALL KINDS: PUMPS JUST ERECTED AT VAUXHALL AND WESTMINSTER BRIDGES.

SHIPS; A GREAT LONDON FIRE; AND OTHER EVENTS.

SUPPLIED BY C.N.; MORANO-PISCULLI; NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



THE LAST OF THE "FRANKFURT": THE CRUISER SINKING AFTER HAVING BEEN BOMBED BY THE U.S. AIRSHIP "D.4" DURING THE TESTS.



AT THE LEVEL-CROSSING FOR 'PLANES': CARS HELD UP WHILST THE PARIS AIR LINER "TAXIS" FROM CROYDON AERODROME TO THE SHEDS.



OF GROUND AND CALLED FOR THE ATTENDANCE OF OVER 40 FIRE-ENGINES AND FIRE-FLOATS, AND SOME HUNDREDS OF POLICE.



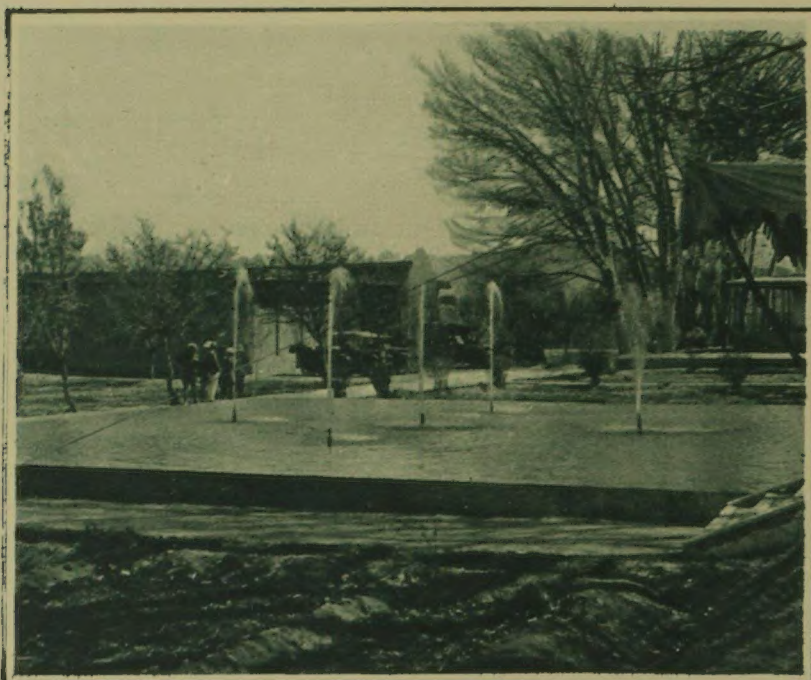
THE CONQUEST OF MONT BLANC BY AEROPLANE: M. DURAFOUR, AND HIS MACHINE, AFTER LANDING ON THE MOUNTAIN AT A HEIGHT OF 14,000 FEET.

forty fire-engines and floats fought the fire, which started a few hours later. The riot was begun by about 5000 disappointed unemployed timber-porters who had answered an advertisement, only to discover that not more than a few men were required.—For some time mysterious building operations have been going on at the southern ends of Westminster and Vauxhall Bridges, and it now appears that the erections are huge petrol supply tanks which have been installed at the side of the road to supply buses, commercial vehicles of all kinds, and private cars.—The Swiss pilot, M. Durafour, has flown from Lausanne to the summit ridge of Mont Blanc, the highest mountain in Europe. The spot where he landed was illustrated in our issue of August 6.—Even Royalty is not immune from the ordinary mishaps of the road, and Queen Alexandra was recently held up at Holborn Circus for nearly an hour by a burst motor tyre.

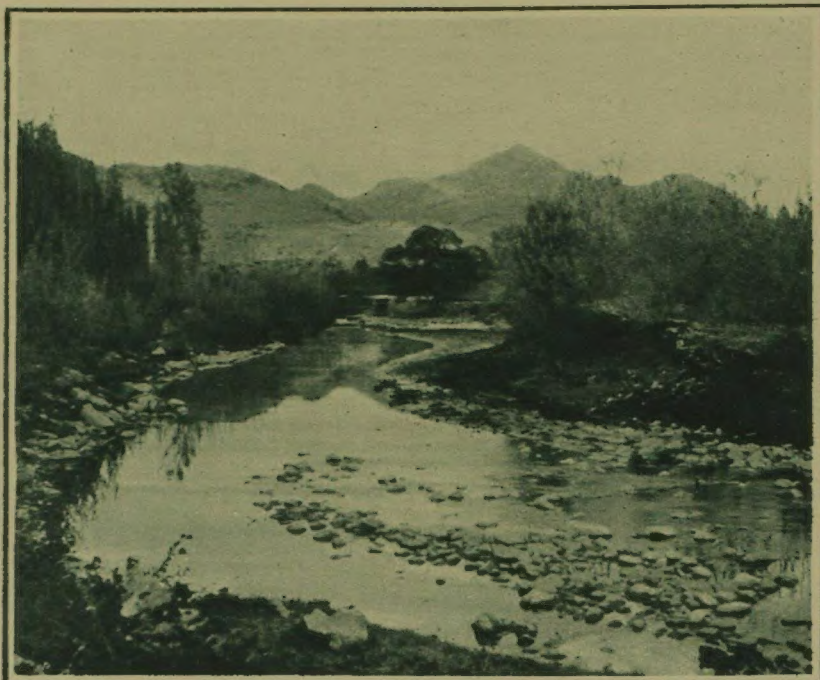


HELD UP IN THE CITY BY A BURST TYRE: QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN A MOTOR-CAR BREAKDOWN AT HOLBORN CIRCUS.

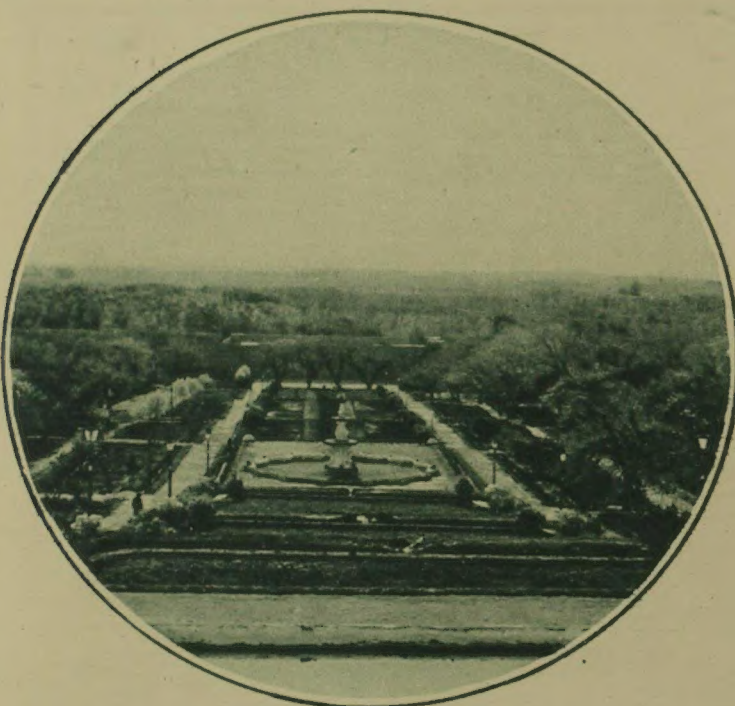
WHERE A BRITISH MISSION IS AT WORK: KABUL AND ITS GARDENS.



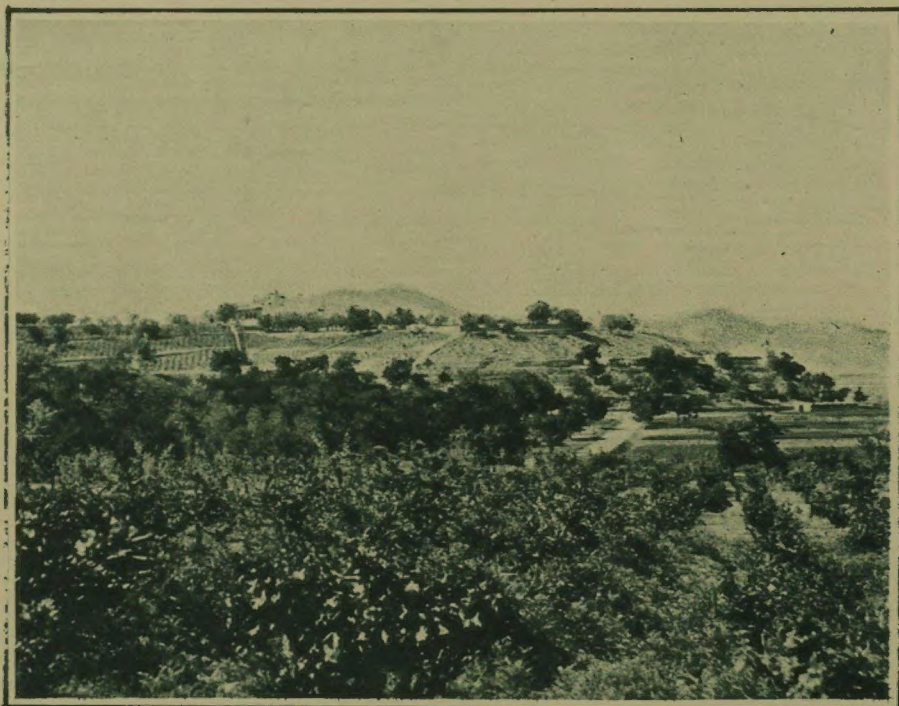
COOL FOUNTAINS AND SHADY TREES: KILLA HASHIM KHAN, ABOUT SIX MILES FROM KABUL.



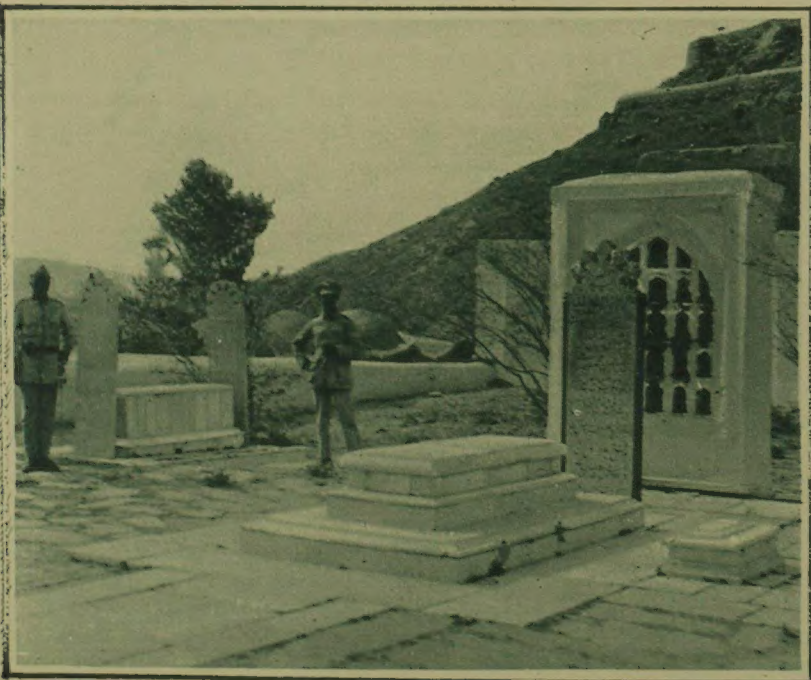
THE NATURAL BEAUTIES OF AFGHANISTAN: A CHARMING SCENE ON THE KABUL RIVER NEAR GUL BAGH.



CONTAINING THE TOMB OF THE FIRST MÖGUL EMPEROR: THE BEAUTIFUL GARDENS OF THE BAGH-I-BABER.



LUXURIANT CULTIVATION NEAR KABUL: THE BAGH-I-BALA, OR HIGH GARDENS, ABOUT THREE MILES FROM THE CITY.



AN OBJECT OF GREAT VENERATION TO ALL MOSLEMS: THE TOMB OF BABER, FOUNDER OF THE MÖGUL EMPIRE.



THE SCENE OF THE ANGLO-AFGHAN CONFERENCES WITH A VIEW TO A TREATY OF FRIENDSHIP: THE DILKHUSHA PALACE.

The British Mission to Kabul, whose arrival was illustrated in our issue of July 23, was sent to negotiate a treaty with Afghanistan. An Afghan envoy reached London on August 8. We are too apt to think of Kabul as a bleak, inhospitable place, and, apart from its remoteness, not attractive to the tourist. But this idea is dispelled in the above photographs, showing the surrounding country and lovely suburbs, which present Kabul in quite a different and an unexpected light. The glimpse of the Kabul River—the most important river in Afghanistan, which falls into the Indus at Attock—equals a scene in Kashmir; and the

charmingly situated gardens known as the Bagh-i-Bala, or the High Gardens, reveal cultivation on a luxuriant scale. Then the Bagh-i-Baber, laid out about the site of the tomb of the famous Emperor Baber, founder of the Mogul dynasty in India, who wrested Kabul and Kandahar from the Afghans, and ruled over them as part of his Empire of Delhi, are exceedingly attractive, and the tomb itself is an object of great veneration to all Moslems, and of profound general interest. Here, on a hot summer's day, with the scent of roses pervading the air, and the sound of the splashing water of fountains in one's ears, whilst the

[Continued opposite.]

THE FEAST OF ID: A MOSLEM FAST-BREAKING FESTIVAL AT KABUL.



WITH THOUSANDS OF DEVOUT AFGHANS KNEELING IN SERRIED RANKS: PRAYERS AT THE IDGAH MOSQUE, THE LARGEST MOSLEM SHRINE IN KABUL.



THE AMIR'S GORGEOUSLY CLAD ELEPHANTS IN A STATE PROCESSION TO THE IDGAH MOSQUE: A GREAT FEATURE OF THE ID AL-FITR FESTIVAL AT KABUL.

Continued.

eye wanders over the thickly cultivated plains of Chazdeh to the rugged outlines of Paghman, and the snows of the Hindu Kush, one might fancy oneself in the favoured land of Iran. The Idgah Mosque is the largest and most picturesquely situated mosque in Kabul. It lies almost at the foot of one of the commanding heights which surround and keep guard over the Afghan capital. Here devout Afghans gather in their thousands on the principal feast and fast days of the Mohammedan calendar. The photographs show them attending the mosque on the festival of Id—or, to give it its full name, the festival of

Id al-Fitr, which means the "Festival of Fast-Breaking." It marks the close of the ninth, or fasting month of Ramadan, when all good Moslems fast from sunrise to sunset. Id al-Fitr occupies the first three days of the tenth month of the Moslem calendar, Shauwal, and it is a time of great rejoicing. Official receptions are held, private visits are paid, and presents are given. The Amirs of Afghanistan invariably pay great respect to their faith and that of their people, and a State procession to the Idgah Mosque, in which the gorgeously clad State elephants play a prominent part, is a great feature of the Id feast day.

ROUMANIAN ROYALTY IN FRANCE; SPAIN'S REVERSE; TRIPLE TORPEDOES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND L.N.A.



ROUMANIAN ROYAL GUESTS OF THE FRENCH PRESIDENT: THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA (LEFT) AND MME. MILLERAND AT RAMBOUILLET.



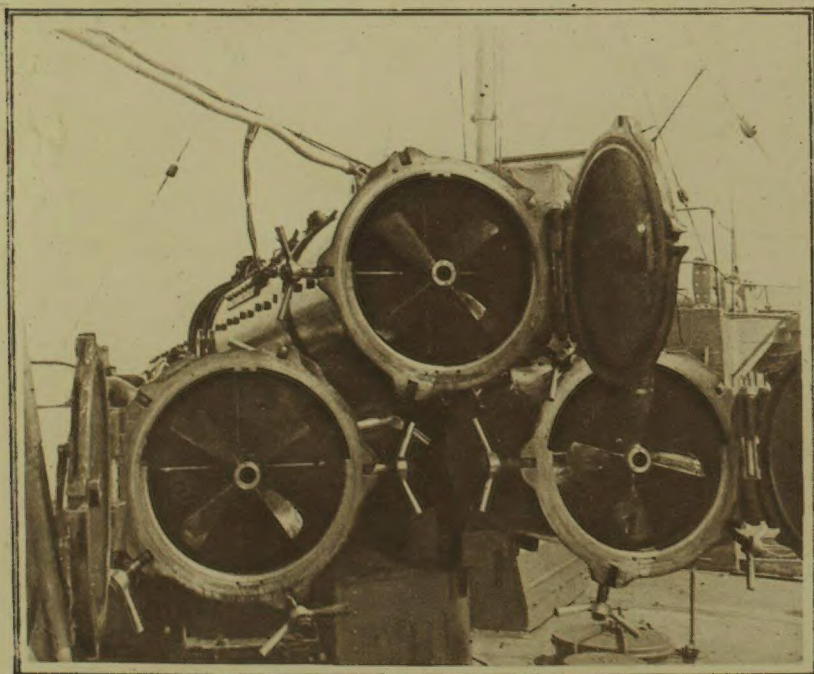
THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER BOATING IN FRANCE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCESS ILEANA, MLE. DE PAIGNIÈRES, AND MLE. MILLERAND.



THE SPANISH REVERSE IN MOROCCO: SPANISH TROOPS AT MELILLA, THE BASE OF OPERATIONS, WATCHING AN AEROPLANE GOING TO HELP BELEAGUERED COMRADES.



PROVISIONING SURROUNDED TROOPS BY AIR: SPANISH AIRMEN ABOUT TO LEAVE MELILLA FOR THE INTERIOR.



TORPEDOES IN TRIPPLICATE IN A NEW BRITISH DESTROYER: A SET OF TUBES WHICH FIRED THREE AT ONCE DURING RECENT BATTLE PRACTICE.



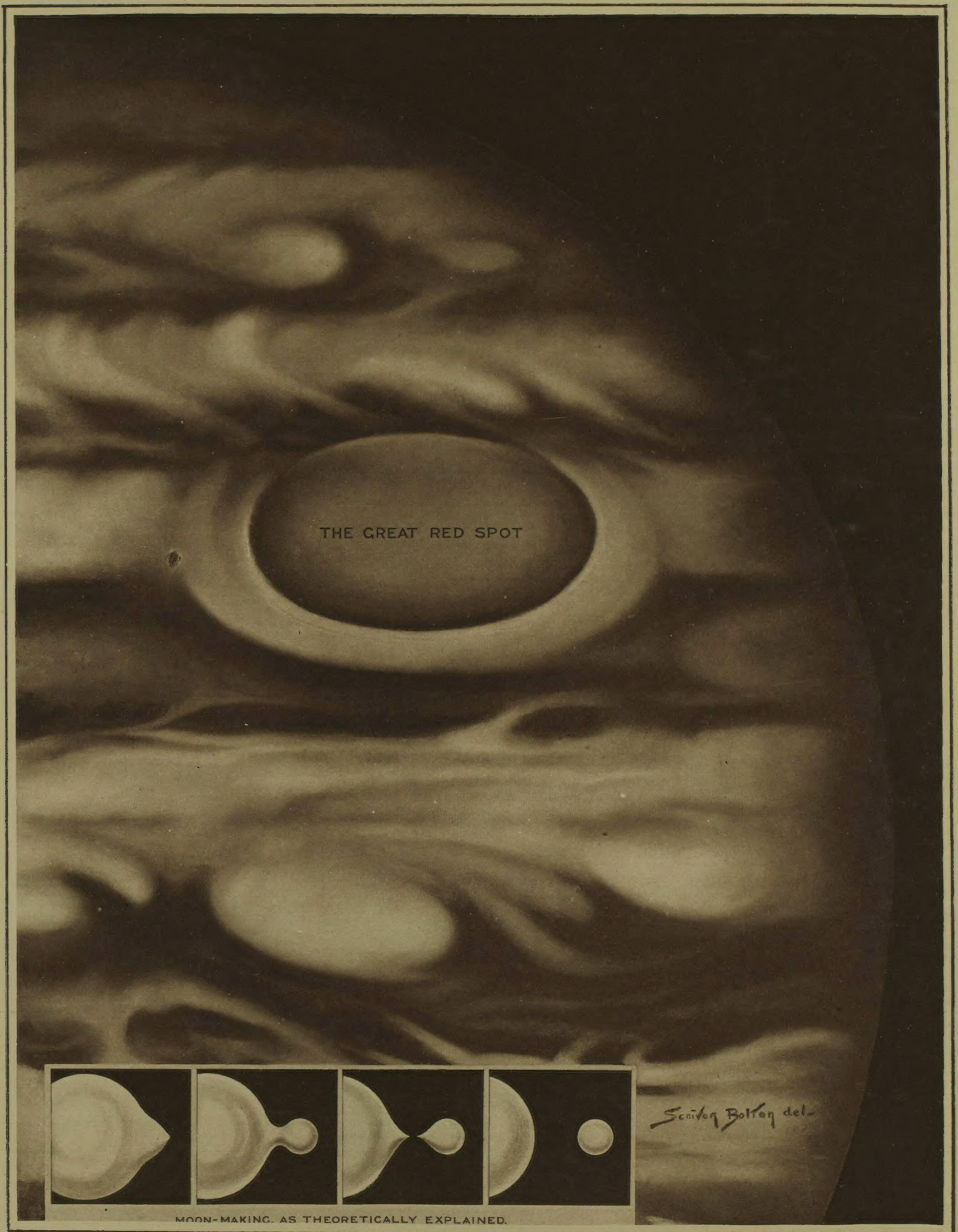
THREE TORPEDOES FIRED SIMULTANEOUSLY: A TRIPLE DISCHARGE FROM THE SET OF TUBES SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH.

The King and Queen of Roumania recently went to France on a private visit. While in Paris they placed flowers gathered in Roumania on the grave of the Unknown Poilu, and also visited the Invalides. Later, they were the guests of President Millerand at Rambouillet. King Ferdinand arranged to go to Bagnères de l'Orne for his health, and Queen Marie to Dinard. Their youngest daughter, Princess Ileana, was born at Bucharest in 1908.—Spain is making every effort to retrieve the recent defeat inflicted by the Moors on her army in Morocco. General Picaso has been sent to investigate the cause of the disaster. According to news from Tangier on August 7, the tribesmen had destroyed the town of Nador,

eight miles from Melilla, the Spanish base. Melilla itself was said to be well defended, but a Spanish column under General Navarro left on Mount Arruit had been surrounded, and was being bombarded on all sides by captured Spanish guns. A message from Madrid on August 8 stated that General Navarro had sent a telegram saying that his force was still defending itself in Arruit, and giving a list of the casualties it had suffered.—One of our latest destroyers has a set of torpedo tubes which fire three torpedoes simultaneously, as shown in the above photographs. This method of triple discharge is the work of a British inventor.

THE MAKING OF A MOON? A MYSTERY LEAVING JUPITER.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S.



MOON-MAKING. AS THEORETICALLY EXPLAINED.

SHOWING THE GREAT RED SPOT WHICH IS BELIEVED TO BE A NEW MOON IN FORMATION:
A PART OF THE GIANT PLANET JUPITER.

The attention of astronomers has lately been directed to unusual activity of that mysterious object on the planet Jupiter known as the Great Red Spot, which gains its name from the ruddy hue occasionally manifested. Situated in S. lat. 23 degrees, this spot, which is 20,000 miles in length, has been seen in England since 1878. Now wholly severed from the main body of the planet, its motion round Jupiter is independent of that of the rest of the markings. In some notes accompanying his drawing, Mr Scriven Bolton writes: "As shown above, it resembles an elliptical spheroid, and exhibits a mighty repulsive force upon adjacent markings. On the assumption that it is a satellite in embryo—which would make the tenth to Jupiter—it is slowly receding from the parent planet.

A later stage of evolution will see it clear of the surface, and constituting an additional member of the Jovian moon-system. Its present unsteady motion is attributed to the influence exerted upon it by adjacent surface disturbances, but when it is once launched into space it will be free to move as steadily as the other satellites. It rotates round Jupiter once every 9 hours 55½ mins. This Jovian phenomenon is corroborative of the theoretical origin of our moon, and of satellites in general. Still a semi-sun, Jupiter is as yet in the early evolutionary stage through which the earth passed when the material now constituting our moon was launched forth, and the accepted hypothesis of moon-making is substantiated by the phenomenon.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

LATEST advices from the Isle of Man arouse "obstinate questionings," not entirely connected with the Art of Fiction. Incidentally the discussions have touched upon the welfare and future of the six-shilling novel, which the experts assure us is possible, in present conditions, only where a large sale is certain, but too risky where the unknown or not very popular author is concerned. When the six-shilling novel first came to birth with a work of Sir Hall Caine's, the same opinion prevailed, but in practice the cheap successor to the old "three-decker" proved advantageous to the new-comer and the writer who commanded only moderate sales.

There is the best authority for stating that the six-shilling form was born, so to speak, in the cellars of Mudie's, where the vast and forlorn piles of old three-volume novels suggested to the House of Heinemann the idea that the public would welcome a cheaper and handier book. And so it came to pass. At that moment "The Manxman" was already passing through the press, and a considerable part of it had actually been set in the large type of the three-volume edition, when the decision was taken to issue the novel as a single volume. The text was therefore re-set, and "The Manxman," the forerunner of the new form, appeared in the uniform that the works of this author have worn ever since.

Turning now to purely critical questions aroused by Sir Hall Caine's new novel, "THE MASTER OF MAN" (Heinemann; 6s.) one finds oneself asking how it is that a reader may be constrained to persevere with a story from nearly every incident of which he dissents vigorously. There must be power somewhere, or he would lay the book aside; but to determine the source of that power proves, upon trial, an elusive task. It is not magically persuasive language; it is not any conviction that the picture is true to life; nor is it novelty of situation, for Victor Hugo, George Eliot, and Sir Walter Scott have staged similar scenes. One would gladly dismiss the supposition that the perseverance arose merely from a cynical curiosity to see what the author would do next. Curiosity, it is true, is basic to absorption in a story, but, when the illusion is perfect, the reader desires to see what the characters and not the author will do. For the author is then forgotten, and the reader who reaches the Seventh Heaven of fiction forgets himself also and merges his personality in the characters. Of this happiness the present reviewer was never conscious, and yet he read "The Master of Man" diligently to the end at two sittings.

Perhaps it was an incidental expectation, never realised, that kept interest alive. Certainly it was not the sin of the young Deemster, Victor Stowell, or the position in which he found himself when he had to try the farm girl, Bessie Collister, for the murder of her and his child. Nor was it the subsidiary reaction of Victor's

fault upon his bosom friend, Alick Gell. These always remained, as it were, at one remove. The stimulus was curiosity about the development and action of a character that does not altogether fit into Sir Hall Caine's accustomed scheme of moral emblems. For he has introduced a feminist intended to be, apparently, of the newest brand, Fenella Stanley, Victor's betrothed. It was her behaviour in the old environment that seemed to present a fresh and piquant problem. So far she runs true

interpose this barrier that kept my interest alive to the end. I fear it was the author I was watching. Write me down a cynic.

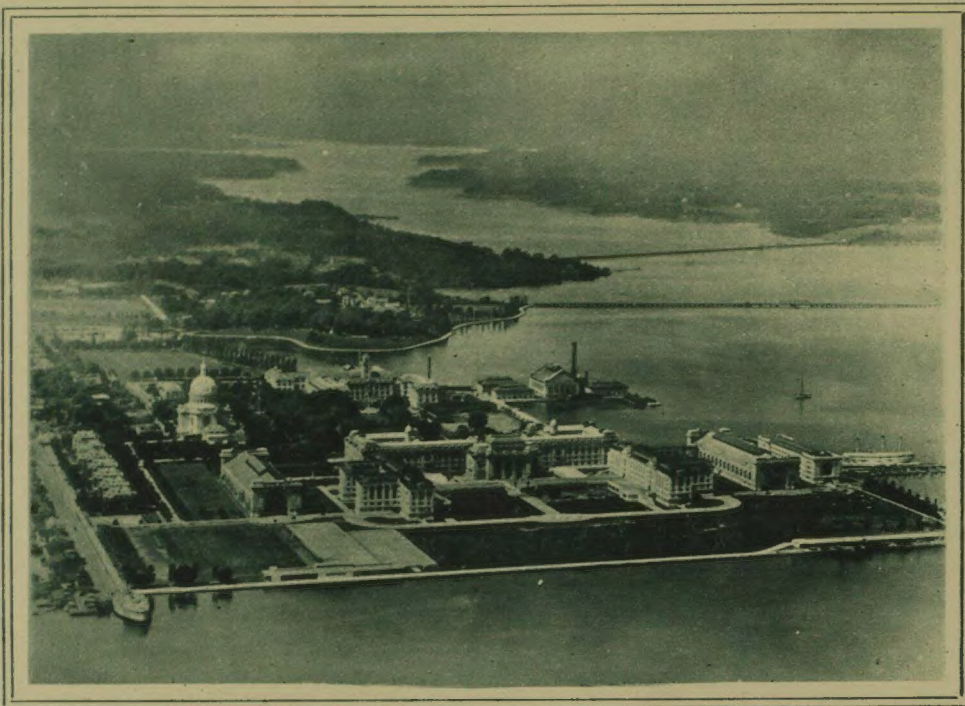
That is a purely personal view. But the majority, not plagued with the duty of criticism, must have other reasons for hearing the story out. The most obvious is the instinct of the mass to respond to an author who says nothing he has not felt deeply, however short he may come in executive perfection, with which the mass is not concerned. Of Sir Hall Caine, a recent writer has said, "He never gives anything to the world without suffering proportionately, sometimes out of all proportion" [? to his effort].

That remark occurs in Mr. G. B. Burgin's "MEMOIRS OF A CLUBMAN" (Hutchinson; 16s.), a book that reflects on every page its author's geniality and his wide practice among men of letters. Writers and readers alike will enjoy these agreeable secrets of the literary prison-house, revealed by one who has "been upon the mill." Mr. Burgin has written at least sixty-one novels and survives—unrepentant. He has preserved his sense of humour, and has the grace to poke fun at his own calling, of which he knows the ups-and-downs as well as any writer living. The up-hill struggle has not left him cynical; nor has success tempted him to take himself too seriously. When the critics are unkind, Mr. Burgin says to himself—"Well, you will write books, and if you cannot cure yourself of that regrettable habit you must take the just and natural consequences of this mental aberration on your part. The critics are trying to 'create a current of new and fresh ideas' in you. Start a fresh story tomorrow." Were this healthy mental attitude invariable in the scribbling craft, Miss Clemence Dane would have been cheated of her material for "Legend," that delicate scourge for the solemn owls of minor letters, who mistake themselves for Pallas Athene herself.

Mr. Burgin's Clubs are for the most part dining societies—the New and Old Vagabonds and the Whitefriars. His huge acquaintance includes the distinguished and the moderately distinguished, whom he handles with audacious humour that does not shrink from turning the laugh, if need be, against G. B. B. As thus—

I ran against the great author [Kipling] in a November fog, and he casually suggested what an easy thing it would be for a man who had an enemy to meet that enemy in a fog, take his arm, hold him in friendly converse, and then hurl him into the river from Waterloo Bridge. I said good-bye in a hurry to the man who has written the best short story in the world—"Without Benefit of Clergy."

One wonders if either or both exclaimed, at parting, *Sic me servavit Apollo*.



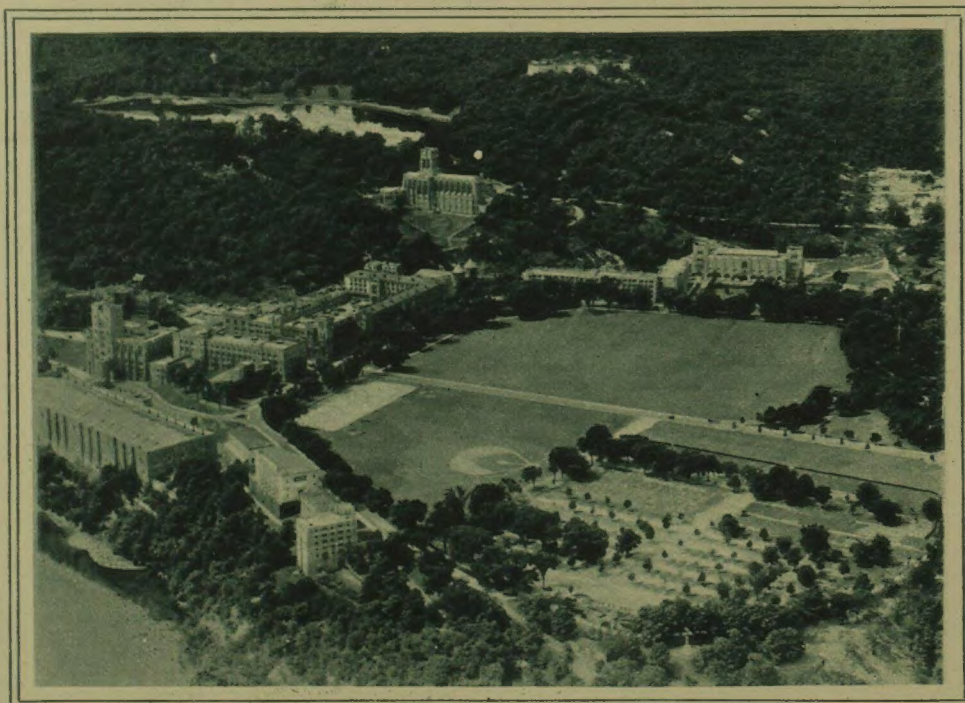
WHERE THE AMERICAN NAVAL OFFICER IS TRAINED: AN AIR VIEW OF THE U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.

The United States Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland, the Government institution for the training of officers, was established in 1845. Annapolis is on the Severn River, two miles from Chesapeake Bay, and thirty-seven miles from Washington. Several pages of other American air views appear in this number.

Photograph by U.S. Army Air Service; Supplied by Topical.

to type; she demands equal justice for both erring parties, and, with some old feminine inconsequence yet new feminist tolerance, she can still accept Victor as a husband.

But one crux she ignores. Feminists are very jealous for the care of the unborn, and here Victor



WHERE THE AMERICAN ARMY OFFICER IS TRAINED: THE FAMOUS U.S. MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT, FROM THE AIR.

The United States Military Academy at West Point, on the Hudson River, New York, was formally opened in 1802. It is beautifully situated at the narrow pass where the Hudson breaks through the highlands whose bold and rugged peaks rise on every side. The buildings occupy a plateau 180 feet above the water, commanding a grand view of the river.—[Photograph by U.S. Army Air Service; Supplied by Topical.]

came woefully short in ordinary common-sense, to say nothing of natural apprehension. His failure in this particular seems an insuperable barrier to his final acceptance by a woman of Fenella's supposed mentality and loyalty to other women. It was a suspicion that she (or the author?) might

OLDER THAN MAGNA CHARTA: THE NATIONAL FESTIVAL OF WALES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



"OLD ENOUGH TO BE THE GRANDMOTHER" OF THE MOTHER OF PARLIAMENTS: THE EISTEDDFOD.



CROWNING A BARD AT THE EISTEDDFOD: A CEREMONY HELD INDOOR; OWING TO BAD WEATHER.



THE PREMIER'S WIFE AT THE EISTEDDFOD: MRS. LLOYD GEORGE OFFERING THE SYMBOLIC HORN.



WITH WOMEN ONLOOKERS IN WELSH "STEEPLE" HATS: DRUIDS ENTERING CARNARVON CASTLE.



CHILDHOOD AND AGE: A LITTLE BOY'S TRIBUTE OF FLOWERS IN THE DRUID CIRCLE.



"CHAIRING THE BARD" (MR. R. J. ROWLANDS): THE ARCHDRUID HOLDING THE GREAT SWORD OF THE EISTEDDFOD OVER HIS HEAD.



THE BARD CROWNED ON THE OPENING DAY OF THE EISTEDDFOD: THE REV. ALBERT JONES, HONOURED FOR A POEM, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

The National Eisteddfod of Wales opened at Carnarvon on August 2, and continued through the week. On the first day the Rev. Albert Jones, a Calvinistic Methodist Minister, of Penmaenmawr, author of a poem, was crowned as a Bard in the presence of 7000 people. On August 4 Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George, with Lady Patricia Ramsay among their party, were present. The Prime Minister, who had a great ovation, made a speech in Welsh. Upholding (against certain sceptics) the great antiquity of the festival, he said: "There was an Eisteddfod in Cardigan generations before there was an election there, forty years before Magna Charta, a century and more before the first House of Commons met. Talk of the House of

Commons as the Mother of Parliaments! The Eisteddfod is old enough to be its grandmother." He also described it as a great festival of peace, and "the mother of the League of Nations," and added: "I shall be going back to London for another Eisteddfod, and I shall be starting one in Paris, the Eisteddfod of the nations." In the Premier's presence took place the ceremony of "Chairing the Bard," Mr. R. J. Rowlands, of Liverpool, author of an ode called "The Edge of the Sea." The Great Sword of the Eisteddfod was held over his head, and the Archdruid thrice unsheathed it, asking: "Is it peace?" and sheathed it again as the whole assemblage responded "Peace."

THE UNITED STATES FROM THE AIR: NIAGARA AND A CRATER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



WHERE A HUNDRED MILLION TONS OF WATER ARE DISCHARGED EACH HOUR AND GENERATE A HUNDRED THOUSAND HORSE-POWER: NIAGARA, THE "THUNDER OF WATER," FROM THE AIR.



WITH AN AIRMAN AMONGST THE CANYONS OF CALIFORNIA: LOOKING DOWN ON THE CRATER OF A CINDER CONE IN THE VOLCANIC ROCKS.

The photographs reproduced on this page form part of the material collected by airmen of the United States Army in a survey of the country by aeroplanes, and show characteristic natural phenomena of the country. On other pages of this issue will be found air views of certain of the big cities of the United States. Niagara is so-called from the Indian word meaning "thunder of water." It stands pre-eminent among the great cataracts of the world for the enormous volume of water that is carried over so high a precipice. It has been estimated

that the Falls discharge 100,000,000 tons of water per hour. Water is now led from the Falls through pipes into turbines, whence it passes through a 2,700-foot tunnel under the town of Niagara Falls, emerging with a production-capacity of 100,000 horse-power. Huge factories to utilise the power, which is transmitted by electricity, extend for many miles around the neighbourhood; and the town of Buffalo, eighteen miles away, is also served. The lower photograph shows the crater of one of the huge cinder cones which abound in the volcanic rocks of California.

A FAMOUS SIGHT—FROM ALOFT: AMERICA'S GREAT "LIBERTY."

PHOTOGRAPH BY U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL.



THE TALLEST STATUE IN THE WORLD SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: THE FIGURE OF LIBERTY IN NEW YORK HARBOUR, PHOTOGRAPHED BY AN AIRMAN IN FLIGHT.

The photograph reproduced on this page gives an airman's view of the world-famous statue of Liberty which stands on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbour, and commemorates the hundredth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. It is the tallest statue in the world, being 220 feet in height; was presented to

the people of the United States by the people of France; was executed by a French sculptor, Frederic Bartholdi; and was unveiled in 1886. As the white cliffs of Dover are to those nearing England, the statue of Liberty is to the visitor to the United States who is nearing New York.

SURVEYING THE UNITED STATES BY AEROPLANE: LOOKING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY U.S. ARMY AIR



THE CITY OF SKY-SCRAPERS PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE BY AN AIRMAN IN FLIGHT: NEW YORK AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE OVER THE HARBOUR.



ONE OF THE GREAT ARTERIES WHICH CONNECT NEW YORK WITH THE SUBURBS AND THE OUTSIDE WORLD: THE 18,000-FEET "HELL GATE" RAILWAY BRIDGE.

The photograph of New York, as seen from above the harbour, gives a very good idea of the huge "sky-scrappers" for which the city is famous. These buildings are constructed on steel frames carrying thirty and more storeys. The Woolworth Building is stated to be the tallest in the world, being 750 feet high. The Singer Building is 618 feet high, and has forty storeys. The Pulitzer, Flat-iron, Drexel, and Metropolitan are amongst others almost equally famous for their height. New York's huge population is carried to and fro, like the population of London, in tubes and tunnels and over bridges, but all on a super-scale compared with their equivalents in the Old Country. The Hell Gate Bridge, which connects the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railways with the Pennsylvania Railway, is, with its approach, 18,000 feet in length. The

DOWN ON WASHINGTON, NEW YORK, AND CONEY ISLAND.

SERVICE; SUPPLIED BY TOPICAL



OVER THE BEACHES OF "NEW YORK-ON-SEA": CONEY ISLAND, THE POPULAR HOLIDAY RESORT OF NEW YORK, AS SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



SHOWING THE BEAUTIFUL CAPITOL AMONGST THE TREES, AND OTHER PROMINENT BUILDINGS: AN AIRMAN'S IMPRESSION OF WASHINGTON, THE CAPITAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

length of span is 1017 feet, and it stands 135 feet above the water. Coney Island, at the entrance of New York Harbour, although only five miles long, and three-quarters of a mile at its greatest breadth, has many fine beaches, and is the popular summer resort of New Yorkers. It is divided into several districts—West Brighton, Brighton, Sea Gate, and Manhattan Beach, the cheaper amusements being at West Brighton. The photograph of Washington shows a very fine view of the Capitol nestling among the trees. It occupies a commanding position near the centre of the city, and covers three and a half acres of ground. It is 751 feet in length, and 324 feet in greatest breadth, and, with its great dome, has a height of 285 feet. It cost £3,200,000.

THE GREAT YACHTING FESTIVAL OF THE YEAR: SOCIETY ON THE LAWN AT COWES CASTLE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



THE SOCIAL SIDE OF COWES REGATTA: TEA AND TALK UNDER THE TREES AT THE ROYAL YACHT SQUADRON HEADQUARTERS DURING A RACE FOR SMALL YACHTS.

Our artist shows the animated scene on the sloping lawns of Cowes Castle, the headquarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, during a race for small yachts at Cowes Regatta, the greatest yachting festival of the year. The presence of the King and Queen at Cowes, as usual, lent additional glamour to the Week, and the success attending his Majesty's yacht, the "Britannia," in various events was a source of much popular satisfaction. Princess Mary and the Duke of York were also seen a good deal in and about Cowes with the Duke of Connaught. Another special feature of this year's regatta was the presence of an

American warship (whose crew won the race for cutters at the Town Regatta), and a large number of American yachts and motor-boats which competed in the international events. In our picture, the R.Y.S. landing-stage is seen at the bottom of the lawn, with a small yacht racing by, and the Royal yacht, the "Victoria and Albert," in the distance. Other yachts are seen at anchor. During the week Princess Mary accompanied the King on board the "Britannia" during the races even in very squally weather, and proved herself to be a good sailor. (Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

Prehistoric Man: Reconstructions in Sculpture

HARDLY six months previous to the Great War *The Illustrated London News* reproduced (in the issue for Jan. 31, 1914) a remarkable collection of chiselled figures purporting to represent as closely as possible ten types of prehistoric mankind, ranging from the still ape-like "precursor" of the Tertiary era down to the semi-civilised Neolithic man, half a warrior, half a manufacturer, of the period of polished stone.

The ten busts were modelled according to the knowledge, calculations, and inferences of M. Rutot, the well-known Belgian geologist and anthropologist, Conservator of the Brussels Museum of Natural History, who had reconstituted each of those samples of extinct forms of human life, by the light of fossil bones disinterred from the bowels of the earth in Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, England, Australia, and other parts of the world. A fragment of skull, for instance, he had used to reckon the size and shape of the whole skull, and to deduce, by the law of anatomical proportions, the size and shape of the whole bust. The fragments of raw material and tools found in the vicinity of the human bones afforded means of showing the prehistoric men in their probable attitudes and occupations—for example, working or fighting. All this material guided the Belgian sculptor Mascré in moulding in terra-cotta or wood these ten different aspects of earliest men, under M. Rutot's directions.

The vision of past and buried humanity thus re-created was not, however, complete. In the very throes of the great and terrible war, Messrs. Rutot and Mascré, undeterred and unsuspected by the German invaders, silently worked, in the secluded lofts of the Museum of Natural History, adding five more figures to the original "gallery of ancestors," with the result shown by our present photographs.

The meaning of the latter will be better grasped when we recall that the 1914 set of models represented about ten thousand centuries, or a million years, of human life hitherto buried in utter darkness. The five fresh figures conjured up by Messrs. Rutot and Mascré correspond not to later, but to *intermediate* stages of mankind.

No. 1 of this new series, the *Sussex Man*, evolved from the mutilated skull unearthed two years before the Great War at Piltdown Common, near the River Ouse in Sussex, amid underground layers of pebbles, is acknowledged by the Belgian anthropologist, as by the foremost English scientists, to supply the famous and long-looked-for "missing link" between the first semi-human being of the Tertiary period and the vastly more advanced species of mankind of the Quaternary period, which reached down to within about 87,000 years of historical times. His forehead compares favourably with that of the Tertiary epoch, in that it seems lit by the awakening of thought

and reasoning power, as he proceeds with the careful shaping of a weapon to attack or protect himself against the wild beasts of his period. His was the age when such weapons as bludgeons, knuckle-knockers, and daggers of still rudimentary but yet improving shape were invented and produced.

No. 2, the *Grenelle pre-Cro-Magnon Man*, was constructed from the data afforded by two skulls discovered in the ancient gravel quarries of Grenelle (Paris), and pertaining to a subsequent stock of beings preceding the Magdalenian race, who were the fathers of the arts of engraving and

pictured when going out in search of food or water, uttering frantic yells in an attempt to protect herself and her babe against an onslaught of wild beasts. A most dramatic picture this!

No. 4, the *Furfooz (Belgian) Reindeer-Hunter*, derived from remnants yielded by Belgian soil before the Great War, is very much nearer to us. He incarnates, as it were, the type of small, dark, daring, and wily men who, towards the end of the Quaternary era, came down from the icy North-east and lived by hunting the reindeer, then very abundant in what is now styled Western Europe, where the climate was then more congenial to them

than their own. The artfulness of this Furfooz man is betrayed by his head-gear, made of the spoils of a reindeer—a very shy animal that could only be approached and killed by hunters disguised as "fellows of his flock."

No. 5, the *Obourg Neolithic Man*, belongs to a later generation, contemporaneous with the extinction of the cold wave. Reindeer and other game of the kind, finding the climate too mild, had migrated back to the North, and Western men had to give up hunting for mining—i.e., for the extraction of silex (flint) from the chalky rocks, by means of a pickaxe made of stags' horns. Owing to lack of experience and to the imperfection of the tool employed, the miners of those times were often killed and buried, with their hands still clutching their pickaxes, under the sudden crash of subsiding rocks. This Neolithic Man of Obourg (Belgium) may be one of the victims of such a disaster, the frequent repetition of which prompted his progeny to newer and safer methods and implements of labour, paving the way for our modern mining work.

The whole series of fifteen busts now completed comprises every species of primitive mankind revealed so far by geological research, with the exception of two quite recently discovered types of prehistoric life—one who superseded the Negroid race, when the latter was beaten back to its original abode; and another who closed the Stone period in

Belgium, and inaugurated agriculture, wheeled vehicles, and the ceramic arts.

As it stands, the collection, which has not yet been publicly exhibited, constitutes a unique effort to give modern man as likely an image as possible of his furthest beginnings, and his slow, painful, and yet wonderful evolution. But it is not final. M. Rutot reminds us that anthropological science is yet in its youth. Indeed, he is even inclined to think that its farther discoveries, instead of destroying the foundations of belief in the existence of some Supreme Power ruling over all things, may end in strengthening them, by showing what order, foresight, and consistency of will have led and are continuing to lead mankind from the depths of lowly ignorance to the heights of material and spiritual progress.

GERARD HARRY.



NO. 1. REGARDED BY ANTHROPOLOGISTS AS THE "MISSING LINK": THE SUSSEX (OR PILTDOWN) MAN, SHAPING A WEAPON.

The place of the Sussex Man in the evolution of prehistoric races is discussed in the accompanying article, which describes him as the "missing link" between the first semi-human being of the Tertiary period and man of the Quaternary epoch.—[From a Bust by Louis Mascré, based on the Researches of Professor Rutot. Photograph by M. Bollé.]

painting. His facial expression, the finished state of the scraping instrument in his uplifted hand, bespeak what M. Rutot considers as the earliest type of white-skinned, blonde-haired, and blue-eyed races who were, some six hundred centuries later, to develop into the people of Gaul.

No. 3, the *Neanderthal Woman*, is a reconstruction of the bits of skull that were recently disinterred by Dr. Henri Martin, in the French department of Charente. She was one of the remote Tertiary creatures, a few of whom still survived many centuries later amid the more advanced Quaternary "society," but were to vanish one by one in accordance with Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest. She inhabited one of the subterranean caves where Western Europeans of the period sheltered themselves against the bitter cold, and is

THE DESCENT OF MAN: ANTHROPOLOGY EXPRESSED IN SCULPTURE.

(FROM RECONSTRUCTION BUSTS BY LOUIS MASCRÉ, BASED ON THE RESEARCHES OF THE BELGIAN PROFESSOR RUTOT. PHOTOGRAPHS BY M. BOLLÉ.)



NO. 2.—"THE EARLIEST TYPE OF WHITE-SKINNED, BLONDE-HAIRED, AND BLUE-EYED RACES": THE PRE-CRO-MAGNON MAN OF GRENELLE, RECONSTRUCTED FROM SKULLS FOUND NEAR PARIS.



NO. 3.—SHRIEKING WHEN ATTACKED BY WILD BEASTS: A NEANDERTHAL WOMAN, A CAVE-DWELLER OF TERTIARY TIMES, WITH HER BABY—RECONSTRUCTED FROM SKULL FRAGMENTS FOUND IN FRANCE.



NO. 4.—DISGUISED TO TRICK HIS QUARRY: THE FURFOOZ REINDEER-HUNTER, A LATER TYPE OF "SMALL, DARK, DARING, AND WILY MEN" FROM THE NORTH-EAST—RECONSTRUCTED FROM BELGIAN REMAINS.

Art and science went hand in hand to the making of these remarkably interesting reconstruction studies in sculpture of prehistoric human types. As explained in the article on the opposite page, they were fashioned by the Belgian sculptor, M. Louis Mascré, under the direction of Professor Rutot, the well-known Belgian geologist and anthropologist, who is Conservator of the Museum of Natural History in Brussels. The two men worked quietly together in a secluded loft of the Museum, all through the throes of the war and the German occupation of



NO. 5.—COMPELLED BY THE MIGRATION OF ANIMALS TO GIVE UP HUNTING FOR MINING: A NEOLITHIC MAN WITH HIS PICKAXE—RECONSTRUCTED FROM REMAINS FOUND AT OBOURG IN BELGIUM.

the city. The five busts now reproduced, on this and the page opposite, are supplementary to a series of ten others, illustrated in our issue of January 31, 1914, which showed the evolution of primitive man from the earliest known beginnings up to Neolithic times. The five new busts do not represent later types, but occupy intermediate stages of the former set, filling up gaps of knowledge in the light of more recent discoveries. The various types here shown are described in the article.

"RUNNYMEDE IS LOT 8": THE BARONS' CAMPING-GROUND

FROM THE PAINTING BY



A SCENE RECALLED BY THE GOVERNMENT'S OFFER OF CROWN LANDS FOR SALE.

In the House of Lords on August 3, the Marquess of Lincolnshire scathingly denounced the Government's proposed sale of Crown lands, including the famous field of Runnymede. "In the advertisement," he said, "Runnymede is Lot 8. It is thus described: 'On the Manor Farm is Runnymede. The armies of King John and the Confederate Barons encamped here for the signing of Magna Charta, on June 15, 1215.' Your ancestors, my Lords, on that historical field, saved the Crown and the liberties of England. . . . Now this field is to be put up for sale and will be knocked down under the hammer." It was stated on August 5 that the auctioneers, Messrs Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard, had not so far received any offers for Runnymede. There is some doubt as to the actual scene of the Magna Charta ceremony, though the document

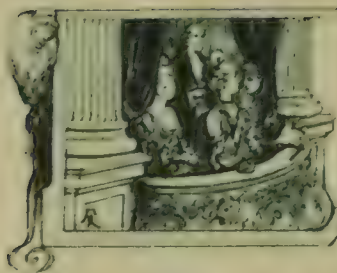
AT THE SEALING OF MAGNA CHARTA OFFERED FOR SALE.

R. CATON WOODVILLE.



INCLUDING THE MEADOW OF RUNNYMEDE: KING JOHN SEALING MAGNA CHARTA.

itself concludes: "Given by Our hand in the meadow which is called Runnymede between Windsor and Staines." J. R. Green writes in his "History of the English People": "An island in the Thames between Staines and Windsor had been chosen as the place of conference: the King encamped on one bank, while the barons covered the marshy flat still known by the name of Runnymede, on the other. Their delegates met in the island conference: the Great Charter was discussed, agreed to, and signed, in a single day." In reality, Magna Charta was not "signed," but "sealed," and our illustration accordingly shows King John impressing the royal seal upon it. Behind him, on his left, stands Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, to whose efforts the Charter was largely due. The protests raised may cause the sale of Runnymede to be abandoned.—[Copyrighted in U.S. and Canada.]



The World of the Theatre



By J. T. GREIN.

A LONG chapter could be written about the decline of the kinema in England—a decline which at present may be only one of quality, with finance hovering in the background as an unpleasant spectre. I would only speak of it as an onlooker, and let my readers believe that I know very little of the inner world—the technical side, the producers, the whole apparatus—although I could a tale unfold “from first-hand information received.”

There was a time when I looked upon our kinema as something more distinguished than a

ours. The difference is very marked. It lies between scale, production, and acting. We have some very good producers, but, probably through economic considerations, none to vie with those of Germany, for instance, which—one says it with regret and astonishment—are the best of European output. I have seen at Antwerp, forsooth, a film of “Faust”—tritest of all subjects, since it has become almost too familiar by books, opera, and drama—so grandiose, so cleverly narrated, so historically perfect in its pageants, cities, costumes, mass groupings, that it could rank with Griffith’s grandest conceits. The acting, too, kindled my imagination; it was so vivid, so intensely dramatic, that it worked up the old tale to novel sensation. Again, I have seen in Belgium a film of the Duke of Reichstadt, a kind of paraphrase of Rostand’s “Aiglon”; and where I came to scoff—for, indeed, I didn’t thank my hosts for offering me this entertainment one glorious night in July—I remained to pray. It was a triumph of historical reincarnation; to me it was as if I lived the books of Frédéric Masson, whose characters of Napoleonic life are more fascinating than a thousand novels. Again, the acting roused me—a Napoleon, not of the cardboard pattern, the eternal lock and lapelled hand, but commanding, life-like, imposing; a Josephine endowed with all the wiles of the Creole; a Reichstadt King of Rome, unromantic to behold, but germane to the descriptions of historians; a Marie Louise of such radiant beauty that one could well understand her bridegroom’s ardour so aflame that the lover forgot the Emperor in the Imperial progress from Compiègne to Paris. I saw more foreign films, and then I came back to England, and by way of comparison I sauntered day after day, about tea-time, into our gorgeous palaces in the West of London, and the inevitable saying about chalk and cheese became irrepressible.

Leaving aside the tedious detective stories, the un-funny comedies, the obvious tales of adventure, “fakes” with a vengeance, I sampled our plays—plays by our great dramatists, dissected for film purposes. And oh! the boredom of it—the clumsiness of some of the very actors whose work on the legitimate stage elicits our admiration, the actresses whose appearances fitted the part but not their personalities, the plainness of design, the inanity of the text-lines, the clumsiness of make-up and wigs, the *mesquine* aspect of the whole thing! Were these the same plays that had been

the talk of London, perhaps of the world? Why, they were neither dramatic nor interesting. I—and many with me—felt bored stiff. I used to say I preferred any kinema show to a bad performance



A SIREN “CROOK” AND THE MAN SHE SEEKS TO DUPE: MISS HILDA MOORE AS ANNA VALESKA (“BIG-EYED GLADYS”) AND MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS AMBROSE, IN “AMBROSE APPLEJOHN’S ADVENTURE,” AT THE CRITERION.

time-killer, a stimulant to idle minds, a dope for unhappy, linnet-headed folk. It was instructive, it was informing. I remember a little theatre in Oxford Street, where, seated in an imitation railway-car, we witnessed travelogues—journeys criss-cross through our Dominions and the States—a wonderful eye-opener to the mind avid for wider vistas. I went there day after day; one fine afternoon I found a closed door. It was all over. It had been too good. There was no sensation in it—only pictures of lands and cities; no romance (as the vulgar understand romance), no hair-breadth escapes, no crime, villains, and picnics with Mary Pickford—it did not pay. Then came the great American schemes—canvases of broad imagination, reconstructions of history on a grand scale, stag spectacles of a width and splendour that no stage in the world, not even Reinhardt’s, had ever conjured up before our eyes. And the multitude, the “high-brows” as well as the “low foreheaded,” flocked to the picture palaces, and there was apprehension that the mute stage would become a dangerous rival to the legitimate. But it did not last: maybe the American pretensions became too high for our entrepreneurs. Next we had the war-phase: things destined to make us shudder and inculcate us with yet more hatred of the enemy—as if this were not done *ad nauseam* elsewhere with “*Cadaververwertung*,” books by prisoners of war, spy-plays, and other dainties *pour le besoin de la cause*. Fortunately, there was always Charlie Chaplin to keep the balance; but even the Chaplin films became unequal, and there were one or two of them which fell sadly below the level. Anon we had cowboy stories galore and monotonous, and gradually entered the British film and the detective stories from all quarters. The British film was at least innocuous; the crime stories, frequently clumsy beyond the low dreams of the penny novelette, were often downright pernicious. Many a little culprit in the dock of the Children’s Courts heard his downfall traced to the delectable initiation into wrongdoing by the temptations of the film.

But it is of the British film that I would speak in particular, especially since I have seen what other countries offer in comparison with



HEROINE OF “AMBROSE APPLEJOHN’S ADVENTURE,” AND WIFE OF THE AUTHOR: MISS MARION LORNE (MRS. WALTER HACKETT) IN THE DREAM SCENE ABOARD THE PIRATE SHIP, AT THE CRITERION.

in a theatre; now I am bold enough to say I would rather sit out three bad plays in the theatre than endure one of the many indifferent films over which I have wasted my afternoons.

It is not for me to discover the remedy, for it may be mainly a question of technique. But this is certain: part of the inferiority of our films is due to parsimony, owing to abortive attempts with insufficient capital; to unfamiliarity of many among our actors, even the best, with the exigencies of the camera; to would-be producers who may have seen masters at work, but have merely acquired a smattering of the craft; and, last but not least, to the scenarios, all too often left to facile “hacks,” whereas abroad the authors of works of consideration make it their business to become acquainted with the ins-and-outs of cinematographic scenarios, and to apply to the adaptation of their books and plays the same minute care as to the originals that enhanced their fame.



MR. HAWTREY AS A PIRATE: THE DREAM SCENE IN “AMBROSE APPLEJOHN’S ADVENTURE,” AT THE CRITERION—(L. TO R.) MR. LESLIE FABER, MISS HILDA MOORE, MR. EDWARD RIGBY (BEHIND), AND MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.

Ambrose Applejohn had an ancestor (one Applejack) who was a pirate, and dreams he is the pirate captain, knifing a mutinous bo’sun when the latter tries to take his place. Mr. Hawtrey is delightful as the house-owner turned pirate. Mr. Leslie Faber and Miss Hilda Moore are “crooks,” who in the dream scene represent the bo’sun and a Portuguese captive.

Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.

LADY DIANA COOPER, FILM ACTRESS: "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE STUART BLACKTON PHOTOPLAYS, LTD.



LADY BEATRICE FAIR (LADY DIANA MANNERS) RESISTS THE APPEALS OF SAMUEL PEPPYS (MR. LENNOX PAWLE): A SCENE FROM "THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE."



THE HERO AND HEROINE MAKE LOVE IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS: LADY DIANA COOPER AS LADY BEATRICE AND MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS HUGH ARGYLE.



THE ADVANCES OF THE MERRY MONARCH TO LADY BEATRICE FAIR ARE INTERRUPTED BY NELL GWYNN: LADY DIANA COOPER, MR. WILLIAM LUFF, AND THE HON. LOIS STURT (AS NELL).

A number of well-known Society people are acting in a new historical photo-play in natural colours which is now being completed. Called "The Glorious Adventure," and set in the time of King Charles II., the film, which is being produced by Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, is said to be the first cinematograph photo-play of any scope to be taken in natural colours. It is claimed that the camera with which the film is being taken is so perfect that it answers every requirement needed for the reproduction in colour on the screen of continuous dramatic action. It also marks the professional début of Lady Diana Cooper as a film actress. She plays

the part of the heroine—Lady Beatrice Fair—and is said to show great promise. For film purposes she uses her old style, Lady Diana Manners. The part of Nell Gwynn is played by the Hon. Lois Sturt, daughter of Lady Alington. There are more than 130 parts in the play, of which twenty are principal rôles played by well-known artists. Including the Court and fête ensembles, dancers and special performers, there are 240 people in the cast, exclusive of crowds; and approximately a thousand people will participate in the production. Many well-known people have lent their houses and grounds for different scenes.

FISH THAT TRAVEL OVERLAND: THE STRANGE WANDERINGS OF THE EEL.

OF all our native fresh-water fishes probably the only one which could be named at sight by the non-fisherman is the common eel. Yet there are few indeed among us who have even a glimmering of a notion of the creature's life-history, especially in so far as this concerns its breeding habits. In fact, it remained an insoluble problem to the experts up till some thirty years ago.

Country folk, living far from the big rivers and the sea, have strange notions as to the origin of the plump eels they take in isolated pools and ditches. Some will tell you that they are generated from the hairs which fall from the tails of horses which wade into the pool to drink. And they will give you a good reason for this belief, bringing the sceptical a long, black, writhing creature, little thicker than a horse-hair, to witness the faith that is in them. Nor will you easily convince them that this is no eel, but a parasitic worm (*Gordius*), escaped from the body of an aquatic insect, to complete its life-history by laying eggs for the perpetuation of its race.

Though it had long been known that eels migrate in the autumn to the sea, and though the inference was that this journey was undertaken for the purpose of breeding, none knew where they went, nor what their offspring were like.

The first clue to the mystery was found some thirty years ago, when, at the Marine Biological Station at Roscoff, in Brittany, one of the till comparatively recently rare little fishes known as *Leptocephalus* was captured and kept for a time in the aquarium. Presently it shrunk in depth, became opaque and cylindrical, and finally transformed itself into an indubitable eel.

Now we know practically the whole story. Briefly, it is as follows. In the autumn mature eels, impelled by "mate-hunger," make their way down the river to the sea. Some will even wriggle out from isolated ponds, travelling overland by night through the wet grass till the river be reached. As they near the sea the yellow under-surface assumes a silvery sheen, while the eyes become greatly enlarged. But even yet the sexual organs show no signs of awakening, nor will they till the migrants get far out to sea. And they do not ripen till the journey's end, some five hundred fathoms deep, off the south-east of the Bermudas. In these dark and dismal depths the nuptial rites are celebrated, and, spawning having taken place, the participants forthwith die.

The young eels, orphaned before they are born, one might almost say, slowly make their way upwards towards the light, and at the same time landwards; but not towards the nearest land—the American continent—but eastward, towards the home of their race.



AT THE HOUR WHEN ELVER-CATCHING BEGINS: SUNSET ON THE SEVERN—A TWILIGHT SCENE AT FRAMILODE-WITH-EPNEY.

Framilode-with-Epney is about eight miles from Gloucester, and at Epney is the Elver (young eel) Depot illustrated on this and the opposite pages.

Photograph by Sydney A. Pücher, Gloucester.

Translucent, finless, anæmic, thin as a paper-knife, with tiny heads, large jaws, and long teeth, they look little enough like the offspring of eels. And hence it was that such specimens as came from time to time into the hands of the man of science were unrecognised. They were simply known as *Leptocephali*, and labelled, further, as "larval fish," till, in the course of time, their identity was established.

By the time they have attained to a length of about two-and-a-half inches they have reached their maximum size as "larvæ." Then begins a strange transformation. They begin to grow smaller. And this because the head is "closed during alterations." Feeding impossible, the body is reduced to sustaining itself by absorbing its own tissues. Little by little it shrinks till, from the

far from the river. Having at last satisfied their craving for wandering, they settle down to grow big enough to provide eel pies and stews for the dwellers in crowded cities—who seem to be the principal purchasers of these delicacies.

The pertinacity for travelling displayed during the elver stage accounts for the presence of eels in the Thames and its tributaries. For few can now get through the belt of foul water which must be passed on the journey from the sea and live; though time was when they could do this in vast hordes. Such as find their way into the river now have entered, for the most part, by way of the Avon, through cuttings.

At one time Thames elvers, as to-day at Gloucester, were taken in vast numbers, squeezed into "cakes," known as elver-cakes, and sold as food. Such cakes have a curious appearance, owing to the millions of little black spots—the eyes of the victims—scattered through the transparent mass.

Having regard to the fact that our home waters are abundantly stocked with eels, it seems strange that we should annually import large quantities of live eels for food from Holland. They do things better in Denmark, where the eel fisheries produce an annual value of £100,000. The Germans show their appreciation of our eels in a very practical fashion. Some twelve years ago the German Government secured the right to

catch live elvers by the million from the Severn, in order that they might transfer them to their own rivers to increase their stock. This privilege ended with the war, and it is to be hoped that it will not be renewed. We ought to exploit our own fisheries instead of importing eels from Holland.

Our fresh-water eel seems to become mature at about seven years old, when the females—always larger than the males—measure about two feet, while the male does not exceed twenty inches. But it is probable that they go on growing as long as they live. For specimens which have been unable, or disinclined, to migrate to the sea have been taken as much as five feet long, and weighing twenty pounds.

Inasmuch as a number of very large eels were taken out of the lake in Battersea

Park, London, this summer during draining operations, it seems evident that some elvers at any rate must still contrive to force a passage, as the salmon did till 1830 or thereabouts, when the pollution of the lower reaches of the Thames put an end to further ascents.

Many new facts in regard to the life-history of the eel have lately come to light through the researches of, Dr. J. Schmidt, and a further instalment of his work is about to be made public.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



READY TO NET YOUNG EELS AFTER THEIR 3000-MILE SWIM THROUGH THE ATLANTIC: A SEVERN ELVER-FISHER WITH HIS COMPLETE KIT.

Elver-fishing usually commences at or after sunset. It will be noted that the fisherman's kit includes a lantern.

Photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Sydney A. Pücher, Gloucester. By permission of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

shape of a willow-leaf, it becomes cylindrical, fins develop, and the blood acquires its crimson hue. It is now a "glass-elver." Presently a little pigment tinges the still transparent body, and at this stage the up-river journey begins.

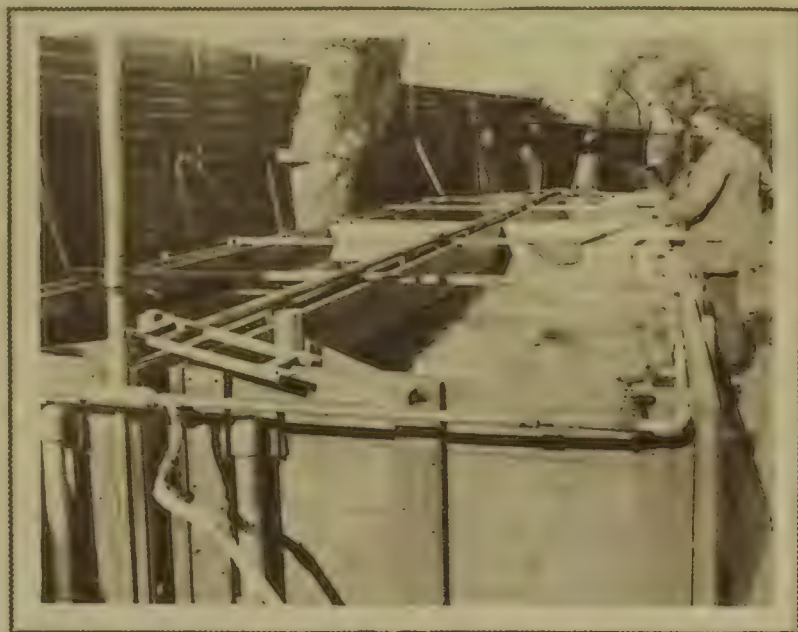
As "elvers" the fish swarm up our western rivers—the Severn, for example—in millions. No obstacle suffices to bar their progress. They will squirm up the moss-grown walls of locks, and over the lock gates; and they will make their way overland, through the wet grass, to ponds and pools

THE EEL'S AMAZING MIGRATIONS: THE MUCH-TRAVELLED ELVER.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY SYDNEY A. PITCHER, GLOUCESTER. BY PERMISSION OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES.



CATCHING ELVERS (YOUNG EELS) ON THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE SEVERN FROM THE BERMUDAS: AN ELVER-FISHER STARTING WORK AT SUNSET.



A HOME FOOD-PRODUCTION INDUSTRY WHICH THE WAR REMOVED FROM GERMAN CONTROL: RIVER WATER TANKS FOR ELVERS AT EPNEY.

MR. PYCRAFT tells in his article on the opposite page the extraordinary life-story of the eel, which migrates from our streams and ponds to spawn 3000 miles away, in the Atlantic off the Bermudas, and whose young (known as elvers) make the same journey back after the parents' death, to develop here into full-grown eels. Nothing stops them. With marvellous pertinacity they squirm up lock walls and gates, and will make their way overland to ponds and pools far from the river. This migration of eels is even more wonderful than that of birds. Being conducted for the most part in the waters of the ocean, it presented a more difficult problem to scientific research. Our photographs illustrate the methods of catching and breeding young eels at the Elver Dépôt, at Epney-on-Severn, near Gloucester, now under the control of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, which is doing everything possible to stimulate the industry by distributing elvers among suitable British waters. They are sold to applicants at fixed rates, with the object of encouraging

(Continued opposite.)



REMOVING ELVERS FOR PACKING: TRANSFERRING THEM FROM A TANK TO A RECEPTACLE.

the breeding of eels for the market, and thus increasing our home-grown food-supply. As Mr. Pycraft mentions, the Severn elver-breeding depôt at Epney was formerly in German hands. The German Fisheries Union, which owned it, exported to Germany annually several millions of elvers. An article issued by the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries says: "At the outbreak of the war, this depôt was automatically closed down, but its existence came to the knowledge of the Freshwater Fish Committee, appointed by the Ministry early in 1917, to investigate the food resources obtainable from our inland waters. The Committee, acting under the authority of the Ministry, took steps to reopen the depôt under its own management, and to distribute young elvers for restocking neglected and other waters in this country. According to the most reliable figures obtainable, some 7000 tons of eels were consumed in this country annually in normal pre-war times, but of this amount no more than 1500 tons came from our own waters. There is no reason

(Continued below.)



YOUNG EELS THAT TRAVEL OVERLAND, SQUIRMING OVER LOCK WALLS AND GATES: ELVERS REMOVED FROM A TANK FOR PACKING.



HOW ELVERS ARE DISTRIBUTED TO LOCAL BREEDERS: PACKING THEM INTO TRAYS FITTED INTO SPECIAL TRAVELLING-BOXES.

(Continued.)

for this large deficiency in the home production, since our waters are for the most part admirably adapted for the growth of eels. In the spring of 1918, 1,233,000 elvers were sold to 135 customers. In the spring of 1919, 1,420,000 elvers were sold to 193 customers. Eels will grow in nearly any water, and require no artificial feeding, unless intensive cultivation is adopted. Young elvers take about four to five years to reach maturity, and as a general rule an acre

of water will take an annual stock of 1000 elvers. A leaflet supplied to eel-breeders by the Ministry, giving instructions for liberating elvers, says: "The top tray of the box contains wadding in which ice is wrapped. The melting of the ice keeps the elvers moist. . . . To turn them out, remove ice from wadding, saturate it thoroughly with the water into which they are to go. . . . Then place the trays in the water and invert them, allowing the elvers to swim off."

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD." AT THE COURT.

DURING this lull and time of promise in Irish affairs, "The Playboy of the Western World" is presented by Irish Players as entertainment—the first entertainment of their season—at the Court

no sensible person expects in farce observance of the canons of serious drama. But the hypothesis that underlies a farce is sometimes worth study, especially if the author is a man of genius, and here two things were taken for granted which have to-day a more ominous look than perhaps they had years ago. One is the admiration which is supposed to be extended universally in an Irish village to a murderer *qua* murderer, as though he were a hero of high adventure; the other is the element of cruelty attributed to and confessed to by its women. These are surely grim assumptions even in a story the atmosphere of which is admittedly one of extravagance. The Irish Players must know this work off by heart, and a cast which includes Miss Sara Allgood, Miss Maire O'Neill, Mr. Arthur Sinclair, Mr. J. A. O'Rourke, and Mr. Fred O'Donovan needs no recommendation.

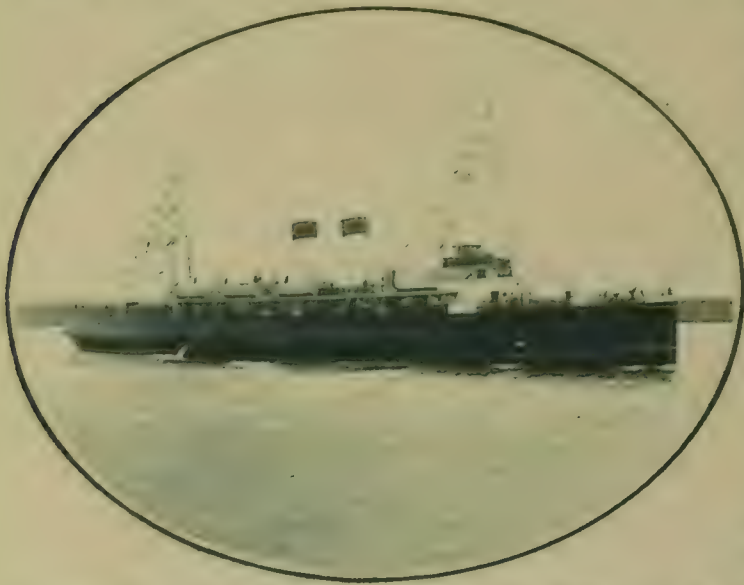
"BY ALL MEANS, DARLING." AT THE COMEDY.

The world's stories, we all know, are limited in number, but it is possible, nay, it is the positive duty of the playwright, when he makes choice of a hackneyed theme, to camouflage its staleness by little surprises in treatment, and an air of resourcefulness in its situations. Only for a little while, in his second act, does Mr. V. Sutton Vane allow us to forget at the Comedy that in his farce, "By all Means, Darling," he is telling us an old, old tale. It has become a convention nowadays of the farce dealing with a light-headed, dissatisfied wife, and the husband who sees

and Miss Kate Cutler, and the subsidiary help of Miss Marie Hemingway, the new Comedy programme proves more than a trifle tame.

"SKITTLES," AT THE APOLLO.

For unabated sentimentality and extravagance in characterisation and fable, "Skittles," a piece adapted by Messrs. Lechmere Worrall and Arthur Rose from a scenario of the late Paul Rubens, would take a lot of beating even in the playhouse. Its central figure is a pawnbroker, who, far from thinking only of profits, finds a home for lonely virtue, helps its love affairs, and generally acts as good fairy. There is also a lady of rank—the heroine's cousin—who tries to rob the poor girl of her peer lover, and brings against her momentarily a charge of theft. And there is much to do about a pawned ring, the Hon. Margaret Atherton's engagement ring, which she arranged to pledge while she thought its giver, whom she virtually had thrown over, had no future, but was anxious to retrieve when he had come into his title, and was a desirable *parti*. Mr. Horace Hodges makes quite a character study of the philanthropic old pawnbroker. Mr. Geoffrey Kerr gives an engaging performance as the young peer, and Miss Alice Bowes and Miss Ailsa Grahame work hard in the parts of the heroine and her naughty cousin



ADDED TO THE FAMOUS NEWHAVEN-DIEPPE SERVICE: THE
NEW TURBINE CROSS-CHANNEL STEAMER "VERSAILLES."

The opening trip of the new turbine steamer "Versailles" from Dieppe to Newhaven took place on Saturday, August 6. The occasion was marked by the visit to Brighton of members of the Municipality and Chamber of Commerce of Dieppe. The new cross-Channel steamer is to augment the deservedly popular Newhaven-Dieppe service of the French State and Brighton Railways. She can make the crossing in a little more than two-and-a-half hours. The new vessel is 305 feet in length between perpendiculars, with a breadth moulded of 36 feet, and a depth of 23 feet. The boat-deck amidships, extending some 170 feet, provides an agreeable outlook in fine weather, whilst the promenade deck goes the whole length of the ship.

Theatre, and those responsible for the enterprise must not be taken aback if a play now reckoned among masterpieces has, in consideration of recent events, been examined afresh in the new light these events may seem to throw on its theme. No criticism can take away from the lyrical quality of Synge's dialogue, save to suggest that it is perhaps too evenly distributed among all sorts of characters, or can minimise the unflagging energy with which its humour marches from triumph to triumph of ingenuity; and

her drifting from his side, for the man to be made to give her rope, as it were, and to throw her into her lover's arms in the rather rash belief that the lack of opposition will rob her adventure of its excitement, and that she will repent of any plan of elopement before it comes off. Despite the cleverness of such artists as Mr. J. H. Roberts



FRENCH MUNICIPAL VISITORS WHO CROSSED THE CHANNEL IN THE
"VERSAILLES": THE MAYOR OF DIEPPE (LEFT) GREETED BY THE
MAYOR OF BRIGHTON.—(Photographs by Topical.)

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LADIES' NEWS.

THE QUEEN has done no yacht-racing at Cowes. Each day her Majesty has landed, attended by the Countess of Shaftesbury, at East Cowes, and has gone for a motor trip on the island. It is a proof of the simple tastes of our Queen that a car is chartered to take her about without any signs of the rank of its occupant. It is just such a car as any well-off people can hire to take them about. The driver is, I am told, a very proud man, and has cultivated quite a courtly manner. The King was accompanied by Princess Mary in the *Britannia* at times, and that she is a real good sailor was proved when she was out with the deck awash almost the whole race. It was a long one, but the Princess landed spick and span soon after five, and walked through the Squadron Gardens on her way to a game of tennis at Nubia House. She was looking so well, pretty, and bright that it is easy to see how good a sailor she is. That day and the next, when the Princess was out again, found weak spots in many a good yachtswoman. The Marquise d'Hautpoul goes with the Princess, and the Marquise had a good training in rough-weather sailing as the friend and guest of Queen Alexandra. The King dined at the Squadron on Tuesday evening.

A part of everyone's equipment for Cowes Week, as it ought to be for every holiday, is a Kodak camera. With great pride men produce their vest-pocket version of this celebrated picture-taker, and explain that it is as easily accommodated as a little wallet. Its construction is as precise as that of a watch, so that the novice can secure beautiful and perfect little pictures which will successfully stand the test of enlargement. It makes the joys of a holiday not only last, but it also renders them shareable; to take it armed with one of these popular and practical little V.P.K.'s is, therefore, very sound policy.

The gardens of the Squadron at Cowes are a haven of refuge, for the little place is very crowded during the sailing race week. Also it is the most delightful place to be in. This year the grass of the lawn is less parched and brown than in most places, and the trees are in great beauty. The hospitable members supply their lady friends with a charming tea, during which al-fresco meal the band plays, and again in the evening after dinner. At some time or another everybody who is anybody is seen in the Squadron grounds. Princess Beatrice was there, and Princess Helena Victoria; the Duke of Connaught, who looks very distinguished and handsome in his yachting dress, had tea several times with friends. The Duchess of Sutherland, a guest of the Hon. Sir John and Lady

Ward at Solent House, looked very handsome in a white silk knitted jumper and skirt, the hem of each having a wide band of black and deep purple



A BLACK LACE DRESS.

The foundation is of black satin covered with black ciré lace. The only touch of colour is the vivid blue of the picot-ribbon.

Photograph by Talbot.

cross-stitch embroidery, while either a white suède felt hat with water-lilies at one side or a rose-red stitched velvet hat looked equally well with it. The Duke and

Duchess of Somerset were sometimes afloat; the Duchess wore smart white coats and skirts, but was sometimes in dark brown. The Marchioness of Crewe chose the simplest of practical clothes. Staying with Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, she was frequently afloat in the *Sylvia*.

These are days when thirst assails, and its claims to be assuaged are paramount. There is nothing more satisfying and refreshing to drink than "Molly" with a slice of lemon in it, or than "Molly" and milk; others, who prefer something stronger, find "Molly" the best to mix with it. What is affectionately known as "Molly" is Burrows' Sparkling Malvern Table Water, which is not only a very delightful drink, but also one that is beneficial, having medicinal excellences of a natural kind, and wonderful softness and purity. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught much appreciated "Molly" on their tours in the Dominions overseas, and it is a good thing that it is now easily obtainable at clubs, hotels, on steamships, and from wine merchants. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, a card to Messrs. W. and J. Burrows, Ltd., 26, London Street, Paddington, W.2, will secure the address of the nearest retailer.

Field-Marshal Sir Henry and Lady Wilson were credited with grandchildren in the accounts of the accident to Sir Henry at Cowes. They have no children; Sir Henry had been over to the mainland to bring his niece and her two little daughters to Cowes. One of the children, about eight, yelled out when Sir Henry was struck by the boom and knocked overboard. A dinghy lowered at once was rendered useless by the loss of an oar, and Sir Arthur Cope, R.A., who apparently handles the tiller as skilfully as the brush, got the dinghy, and towed it with his little yacht, the *Blandina*, in which he and Colonel Dudley Carleton were racing, into smoother water. It was Colonel Carleton who got the Field-Marshal into the dinghy. It must have needed great skill: Sir Henry is six-foot-four, and was in his oilskins and top boots. He joined Lady Wilson in the Squadron garden for tea, apparently not a bit the worse for his involuntary dip. There were a number of rescues from small craft; Sir Charles Seely was washed off his little boat, but was soon all right, being a strong swimmer. There was an afternoon dance on the *Resolution*, and another on the American war-ship *Utah*, and Lady Baring organised a ball for Island charities, as she did last year. Princess Beatrice was present at it, and it was very enjoyable. On the whole, entertaining at Cowes was on a larger scale than last year, although many habitués were absent.

A. E. L.



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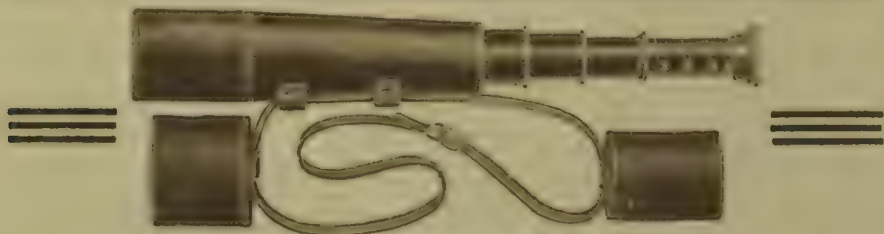
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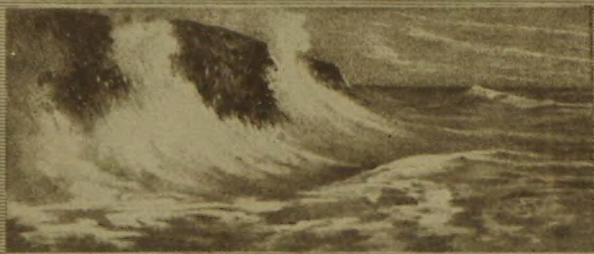
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"Be like the promontory against which the waves continually break; but it stands firm and tames the fury of the waves round it."—Marcus Aurelius.

"Be like the promontory"—so adjured the Emperor-Sage of Ancient Rome. "Easier said than done," does someone observe? True—but it is not so difficult to-day to stand firm against troubles and disasters as it was in the days when Marcus Aurelius admonished his people.

Human troubles have not lessened since those days. Indeed, Science, Speed, Competition, would seem to have conspired to increase our mental worries, physical dangers and daily disasters.

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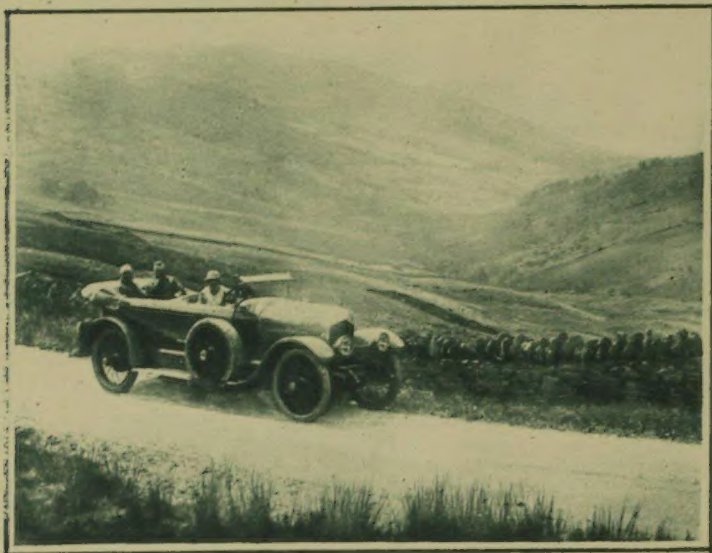
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Lighting Regulations Shortly.

It is understood that the Committee of the Ministry of Transport appointed to inquire into the question of glaring motor headlights has completed its investigations and will presently render its Report to the Minister. This



IN THE FAMOUS KIRKSTONE PASS, WITH A GLIMPSE OF LAKE WINDERMERE: A LADY AT THE WHEEL OF A CROSSLEY TOURING-CAR.

Report will make recommendations, which will almost certainly be embodied in a set of regulations to be shortly issued by the Ministry. Incidentally, one of these days the whole gamut of things possible of regulation will be completed, and then we may have a rest from fresh interference from officialdom. It may be agreed that too much glare from headlights is a nuisance, and may even on occasion constitute a danger; but my own opinion is that it need not be legislated for, since it is one of those things which are rapidly righting themselves. The practice of switching off when meeting other vehicles is becoming the rule, even though it is arguable that it is more dangerous to plunge suddenly into complete darkness than to maintain the glare. Cars are being fitted more and more with some sort of dimming device whereby the light can be shut down to a mere sufficiency for seeing the road—and, what is more, they are being used. I have recently installed one of the

C.A.V. dimmer switches, and find that it absolutely meets the case. It throws the head-lights into series and thus more than halves the light, giving quite enough for one to see the road, without the danger of the sudden complete darkness ensuing upon extinguishing the lights altogether. I think it would meet the case admirably if the only regulation made was to the effect that some such device must be used when meeting traffic, and letting it be known that it would be regarded as dangerous driving to neglect its use.

As it is, we are threatened with regulations which will insist that our lamps must not throw a beam capable of showing a standard test disc held more than four feet above the road-level at a distance exceeding 150 feet from the lamp. Below four feet, the beam may show the disc at 300 feet from the source of light. Another regulation in contemplation is that no lamp-front shall be of such a nature that the actual reflector or bulb shall be visible from in front of the car. This means that the car-owner will either have to adopt the war-time tissue-paper screen or else go to the expense of having a semi-opaque glass fitted. By the time the Ministry of Transport has finished the formulation of all the regulations it seems to have in mind, the motorist will have to carry with him, or be perfectly familiar with, a series of requirements as long as the Code Napoléon.

Free Legal Defence.

At the annual general meeting of the Automobile Association recently, a certain amount of criticism was directed against the scheme of free legal defence of members who have come into conflict with the police in matters affecting the use of the motor vehicle. It has since been argued that, as the cost of the free defence system reaches about £25,000 a year, this means that 147,500 members are contributing to the defence before the courts of 12,500 others, and that this is wrong. I am rather inclined to agree with the critics, mainly on the ground that

the idea has outlived its original purpose. When it was first conceived we lived in the era of police-traps set for no reason at all but to secure convictions—profitable convictions at that—for purely technical offences. The motorist never knew when, on a perfectly safe stretch of road, he was going to be stopped by the trappers. In fact, the straighter and safer the road, the more likely was it to be infested by the police with all the paraphernalia of the trap. Nor were the police neglectful of other technical breaches of the law, so that the schemes of free defence really served a very useful purpose in assisting the harassed motorist to defend himself from what too often amounted to flagrant injustice. But the police are very much more reasonable nowadays, and, with few exceptions, the motorist who has to appear before the courts does so for good reason. If he is in fault—and, in fact, deserves to be where he is—then I see no logical reason why he should be assisted out of the pockets of others. He should foot his own bill of costs. Further, I am not at all sure that the knowledge that, if one is summoned for a motoring offence,



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there is nothing else to be done but report the matter to the R.A.C. or the A.A., and have their solicitor appointed to defend, does not make for a certain amount of carelessness which would otherwise be

(Continued overleaf.)

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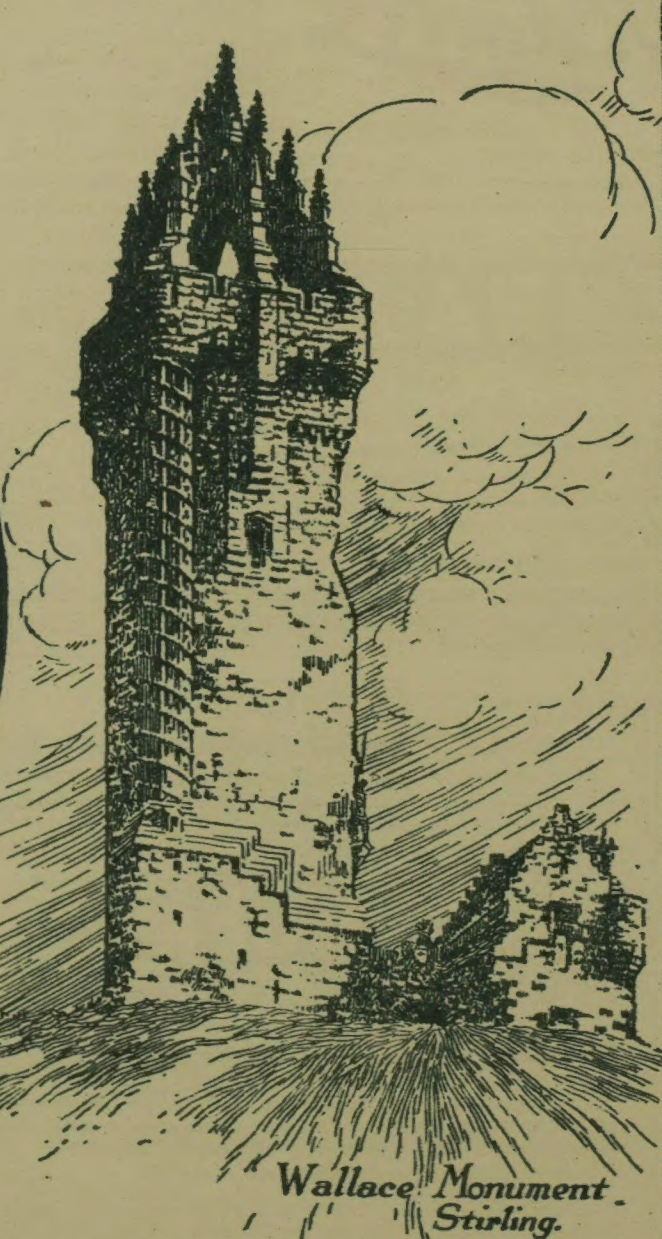
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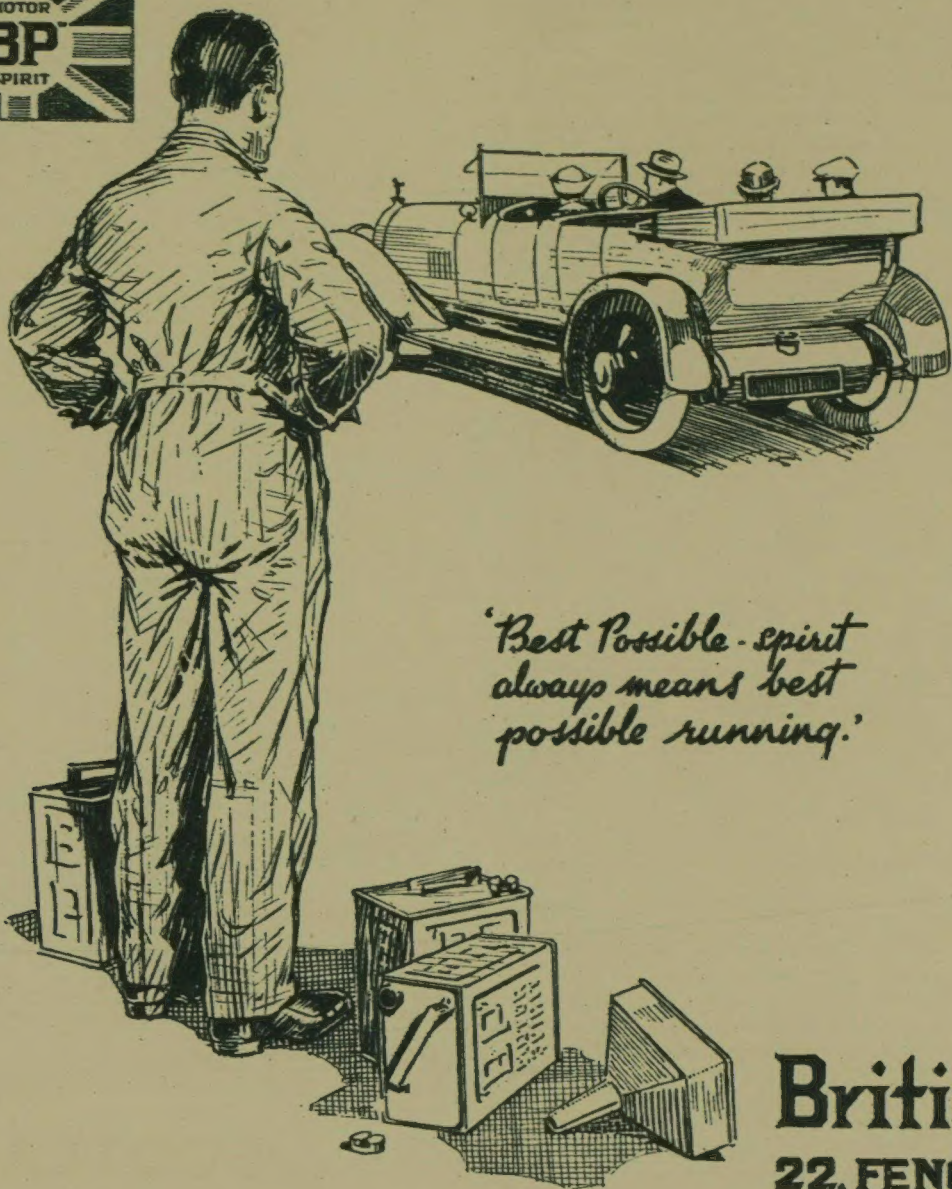
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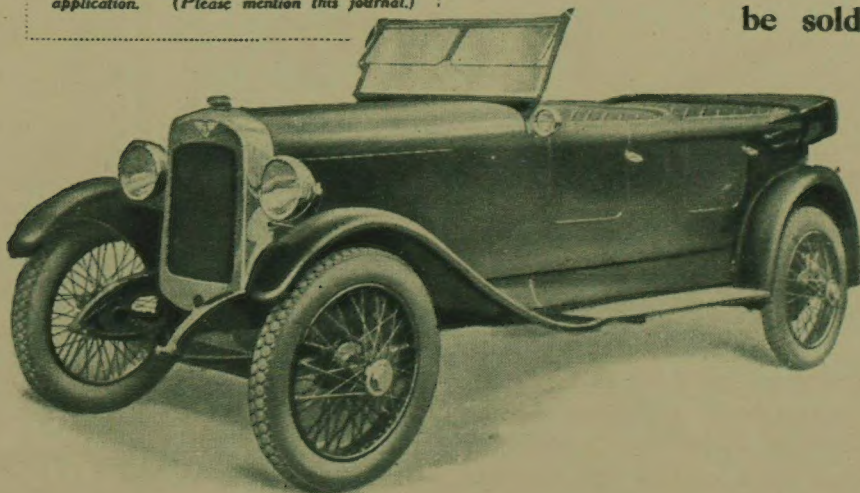
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*Once more to the
fore*

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(Continued.)

absent. The case may be debatable, but my own opinion is that it does have that effect.

Faded Licenses. Apparently nobody officially concerned with the issue of the motor license "card" which now has to be carried gave a thought to the possible effect of bright sunlight on official ink. Or it may be that, there being normally so little sunshine in England, they did think of it, but chanced things rather than spend a few extra shillings on an unfadable ink. However that may be, much trouble has resulted from the cause mentioned, and not a few motorists have had the intensely annoying experience of being summoned for the "offence" of carrying a license whose endorsed particulars were illegible by reason of the fading of the ink used. The records appear to show that every such case has been dismissed by the magistrates before whom it was brought; but even that is poor consolation for the consequent annoyance and loss of time. The Ministry of Transport, after full and due consideration of the circumstances, has just issued a regulation to deal with the matter. Incidentally, the issue by the Ministry to licensing authorities of an adequate supply of Chinese ink or the initial recommendation of its use would have got over the difficulty quite well, but such a remedy would not be likely to occur to the official mind.

The procedure in the case of a license rendered illegible by this cause strikes one as being typical of the Transport Ministry. It is laid down that application for a new license must be made personally or by post to the registration authority by whom the old license was issued. If by post, the old license must be forwarded with the application, meaning that the car must be laid up while the County Council officials are dealing with the matter. "Special arrangements" are made for cases in which vehicles are in use at a considerable distance from the issuing office, and where the laying up of such vehicles "for a few days, owing to the absence of a license, would entail great inconvenience or financial loss." In such a case application may be made on a special form—how the Ministry loves forms!—asking for the duplicate to be sent to the nearest head post office or money order office. In "due course" the license will arrive at the post office, and at the same time the licensee will receive a post-card advising him that the license has been forwarded. The latter will present his post-card to

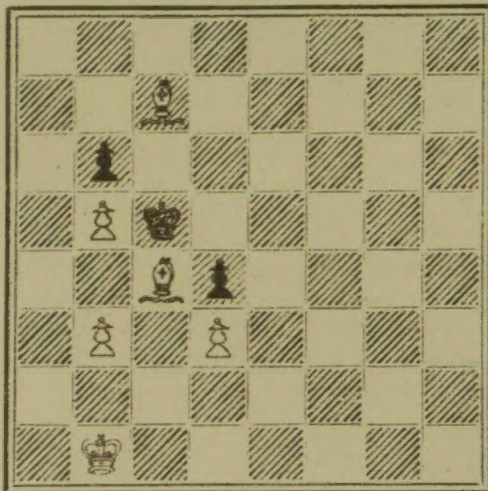
the postmaster, who will take that and the old license and hand over the new one, taking a receipt for it on another special form. Personally, although the Ministry of Transport warns me that I must on no account touch up the writing on a faded license, if I find that mine has been filled up with disappearing ink, I shall risk the touching-up process. One has quite enough forms to fill up nowadays without playing puss-in-the-corner with car-licensing authorities. I suppose the game of form-filling and the issue of duplicate licenses can be played *ad infinitum*. As one fades, so we fill up forms and get another, and so on. What a chance for the licensing bodies to increase their staffs!

CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 3864.—By THE LATE J. B. FISHER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3862.—By G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON.

WHITE

1. R to K 4th
2. Mates accordingly.

BLACK

Any move

JOHN WATTS (Deal).—Many thanks for your further contribution.
MRS W J BAIRD.—Your contributions, as usual, are very welcome.
KESHAB D DE (Calcutta) and A E HUGHES (Stoke Newington).—Problems received with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3858 received from George Taylor (Paraguay); of No. 3860 from J B Camara (Madeira); of No. 3861 from Casimir Dickson (Vancouver), J B Camara, Henry A Sells (Denver, U.S.A.), and J E Lloyd (Llanwrtyd Wells); of No. 3862 from P W Hunt (Bridgwater), Jas T Palmer (Church), and R Entwistle (Edgworth).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3863 received from F J Sheldon (Leeds), H Grasett Baldwin (Farnham), T H Bryan (Stamford Hill), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

CHESS IN CUBA.

Fifth game in the match for the Championship of the World between Mr. J. R. CAPABLANCA and Dr. E. LASKER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Dr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	19. R to K Kt sq	R to K sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Q to Q 3rd	P to Kt 3rd
3. P to B 4th	P to K 3rd	21. K to B sq	R to K 5th
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	22. Q to Q sq	
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd		
6. Kt to B 3rd	Castles		
7. R to B sq	P to Q Kt 3rd		

Master-play until recently seemed divided between this and P to B 3rd, but the feeling now is running in favour of the latter.

8. P takes P P takes P
9. Q to R 4th

A comparatively recent novelty in this opening, and one the correct reply to which has not been much studied.

10. Q to B 6th P to B 4th
11. Kt takes P R to Kt sq
12. Kt to B (ch) B to Kt 2nd
13. Q to R 4th Q takes Kt
14. Q to R 3rd Q R to B sq
15. B takes Kt Q to K 3rd
16. B to R 6th B takes Kt

Black has faced the attack with fine skill, and the sacrifice of the exchange now made as part of his defence, together with his subsequent conduct of the game, is worthy of his palmist days.

17. B takes R R takes B
18. P takes B Q takes B P

P takes P (ch) loses straight off.

27. Q to Q 8 (ch) K to Kt 2nd

28. Q to Q 4 (ch) Kt to B 3rd

29. P takes P Q to K 3rd

30. R to B 2nd P to Kt 4th

31. P to K R 4th P takes P

32. Q takes R P Kt to Kt 5th

33. Q to Kt 5 (ch) K to B sq

34. R to B 5th P to K R 4th

35. Q to Q 8 (ch) K to Kt 2nd

36. Q to Kt 5 (ch) K to B sq

37. Q to Q 8 (ch) K to Kt 2nd

38. Q to Kt 5 (ch) K to B sq

39. P to Kt 3rd Q to Q 3rd

40. Q to B 4th Q to Q 8th (ch)

41. Q to B sq Q to Q 2nd

42. R takes R P Kt takes P

43. Q to B 3rd Q to Q 4th

44. Q to R 8 (ch) K to K 2nd

45. Q to Kt 7 (ch) K to B sq

46. Q to Kt 8 (ch) Resigns

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